



# ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW

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CONTENTS AND INDEX  
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# Illinois Catholic Historical Review

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## MARQUETTE, THE FATHER OF CHICAGO

The greatest memorial to Marquette and Jolliet is now a fact in Chicago. The program and proceedings at the unveiling were as follows:

### PROGRAM

Cyrus McCormick, Jr., chairman. Musical selections by the Progressive National Band. Music: March Choral, Chambers. Invocation: Father William H. Agnew, S. J., President of Loyola University. Address: Marquette, the Pioneer of New France, Judge James H. Wilkerson. Address: Chicago's Early Consecration, Father William H. Agnew, S. J., President of Loyola University. Music: Pomp and Circumstance (March), Elgar. Presentation of the Memorial, Cyrus McCormick, Jr., Vice-President of the Art Institute of Chicago. Acceptance of the Memorial, Sol Westerfeld, West Park Commissioner. Music: March and Procession from Bachhus, Delibes. Unveiling of the Memorial. Music: America.

### INVOCATION

*By William H. Agnew, S. J.*

Almighty and everlasting God, author alike of the natural courage and the supernatural faith which sustained and inspired Father Marquette and his companions in their heroically arduous explorations and teachings over trackless plains, swamps and rivers, and among the untutored savages of the woods and plains, grant that we who are so bountifully sustained by the earth and waters which their pioneering footsteps and canoes first travelled, may also ever be guided and controlled by a spirit of supernatural faith and lofty charity which will make us worthy of the sublime heritage of their faith and charity bequeathed to our city in the significant hour of their first visitation. Amen.

## MARQUETTE — A PIONEER OF NEW FRANCE

*Judge James H. Wilkerson*

It is fitting on this occasion that, at the outset, we pay tribute to the memory of Benjamin Franklin Ferguson, whose bequest created the fund which has made this memorial possible. It is appropriate that we express our appreciation of the work of the distinguished sculptor, Hermon A. MacNeil, who here teaches by this product of his genius that true art is the embodiment of great ideas.

The Ferguson fund was created to provide statuary and monuments commemorating worthy men or women of America or important events of American history. Jaques Marquette was a worthy man. The work of the French pioneers of which his deeds were a part make up an important, even if almost forgotten, epoch of American history.

Let us try to picture the America of two hundred and fifty years ago. The great cities knit together with bonds of steel, the smoking chimneys of mighty industries, the fertile fields, the vast fabric of the civilization of this Republic vanish. Along the Atlantic are scattered groups of English colonists. The oldest settlement has been established less than seventy years. Their combined population did not exceed two hundred thousand. Beyond these settlements there stretched to the west and north an unbroken wilderness inhabited by savage tribes of Indians.

Along the St. Lawrence and extending westward for a thousand miles were the forts, trading posts and missions of the French. The remotest western frontier of the French Missionary enterprise was the northern portion of Lake Michigan from Sault Ste. Marie to Green Bay.

The New England colonies were more than twenty times as populous as Canada, yet they did not extend further inland than the shores of the Connecticut River. The primary object of the English was to found homes and establish self-governing communities based upon those principles of liberty which for centuries had been the inheritance of Englishmen. The primary objects of the French were conquest, territorial expansion, the conversion of heathen savages and the development of commerce in furs and precious metals.

France was the France of Louis XIV, the France of feudalism, of absolutism, of arbitrary power. And from this France there came to Canada a group of virile men who were fired with the determination to create on this continent a new empire. They would explore it. They would conquer it. They would send their missionaries to teach their faith to its inhabitants. And they would make this vast empire



tributary to the sovereign whose conception of government was, "I am the State." The story of the rise and fall of New France is the most dramatic chapter in American history.

Among this group stand out as leaders the great Count Frontenac and La Salle, the most remarkable, in many respects, of all the pioneers of rance. Of La Salle it has been said: "When he started out to do a thing he never relinquished his purpose, although men and fortune forsook him. If he had been one of a Balakava six hundred and the only survivor among them, he would have attacked the enemy single handed, with unabated courage."

La Salle came to Canada in 1666 and took up the great work of exploration in which he hewed out the path on which France was to win a vast though transient dominion. In his travels he heard reports of a remote "great water," of which no one had ever seen the end. True, the Spaniards had discovered the Mississippi more than a century before. De Soto was buried beneath its waters; and it was down its muddy current that his followers fled from the El Dorado of their dreams, transformed into a wilderness of misery and death. The discovery was never used and almost forgotten. Even Spanish maps failed to show it. A century passed before a French explorer reached a northern tributary of the great river.

For the task of undertaking the discovery of the remote "great water" Frontenac and La Salle chose Louis Jolliet, who already had led an exploring party to the shores of Lake Superior. Jolliet was 28 years old, a native of Quebec. He was a well-educated man with considerable proficiency in higher mathematics. At Mackinaw he was joined by Jacques Marquette, a Jesuite priest, 36 years of age. Marquette had come to Canada seven years before and had worked among the Indians at Sault Ste. Marie and St. Ignace. John Fiske, the historian, says of him: "He was distinguished for linguistic talents and for the deeply spiritual quality of his mind. He seems to have had a poetic temperament profoundly sensitive to the beauties of nature and of art, while his religion exercised upon him a transfiguring influence, so that all who met him became aware of his heavenly presence. This gentle and exquisite creature was as brave as a paladin and capable of enduring the fiercest extremes of hardship."

On May 17, 1673, Jolliet and Marquette started with five companions. Ascending the Fox River they crossed the portage to the Wisconsin and one month from the day of starting they reached the Mississippi. They descended so far southward as to convince themselves that the river must empty into the Gulf of Mexico. Ascending to the mouth of the Illinois, they went up to the head of the stream

and met some Indians who guided them to Lake Michigan. Coasting its shores they reached Green Bay after an absence of about four months, during which they had paddled their canoes more than two thousand five hundred miles. Joliet went on to Quebec. Marquette, in failing health, remained at Green Bay and the next year returned to found a new mission at the principal town of the Illinois tribe of Indians. Coasting the western border of Lake Michigan his party entered the Chicago River and ascended it for about two leagues. Here they built a hut and spent the winter. Floating down the swollen current of the Des Plaines in the spring he reached the Indian town at the junction of the Des Plaines and Illinois. Here, we are told, he was received like "an angel from Heaven." Here he preached to a vast council. It took place near the town, on the great meadow which lies between the river and what is now the city of Utica. Here five hundred chiefs and old men were seated in a ring; behind stood fifteen hundred youths and warriors, and behind these all the women and children of the village.

But his strength could stand no more. The touch of death was upon him. He started to return to his mission, and on the way to Mackinaw in the spring of 1675 the spirit of this noble explorer and missionary passed away from the earth.

The explorations of Marquette and Joliet are but an episode in the stirring drama of New France. But from them grew the conception of New France as a great empire in the wilderness. For seventy years France pursued this dream of empire. For seventy years there was waged the irrepressible conflict between France and England for the possession of North America. It was the strife between liberty and absolutism, between individualism and paternalism—in short, between New England and New France.

In 1759 on the heights of Abraham near Quebec Montcalm and Wolfe fought to a finish the contest which gave the North American contingent into the keeping of the English race instead of the French. And a quarter of a century later England lost most of this vast empire because she was unwilling to grant to Englishmen in America the principles which she had laid down for the government of Englishmen in England.

And so this monument will stand—a reminder of this stirring and dramatic epoch of history, a tribute to the bravery, the fortitude and the faith of the pioneers who opened the wilderness to civilization.

But it is more than that. It is an embodiment of the spirit of adventure and discovery in every field of human activity. To those intrepid souls who have pressed forward in the quest after truth we



owe the progress of the human race. They have endured hardship and privation. They have been taunted and reviled. They have been tortured on the rack and burned at the stake. But they have lifted mankind from the blackness of ignorance to the bright day of intellectual freedom.

In this materialistic and commercial age let this monument remind us that wealth and power and position are insubstantial things; that the true benefactors of the race are those who contribute to the enlargement of knowledge and to the discovery of truth.

### CHICAGO'S EARLY CONSECRATION

*Father William H. Agnew, S. J.*

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have chosen to cluster my brief remarks upon this most happy occasion around the subject of "Chicago's Early Consecration" for a very definite reason. The noble object of the Ferguson Fund in the various works of art which it has set down on the salient spots of Chicago's beautiful highways is to commemorate and to inspire; to commemorate the noble achievements of the past which merit to be remembered and to inspire present and future generations through these artistic memorials to emulate their forebears in like accomplishments. And beyond all doubt the statuary group about to be unveiled along this highway commemorates men and achievements worthy of honor and imitation. Very properly can we say that through them Chicago had an early consecration. Chicago was consecrated alike by the personal character of Father Marquette, who was the first white man to set hallowed footsteps upon the site of Chicago, and by the nature of the things he came to do, and did, whilst on the ground that now bears our noble city.

The character and ambitions of this noble French Jesuit typify a kind of virtue which our generation as every generation is greatly in need of, the virtue of lofty supernatural faith and great unselfish charity. The nature and completeness of his unselfishness can, perhaps, best be indicated by the simple reflection that whereas most people who came here from the Old World, both in the earlier and later days, were led by an ambition to enrich themselves with wealth and power, he came with a nobler ambition to give all that he had and to take nothing of what is worldly in exchange. He came spurred on by an ambition identical in kind and similar in degree of intensity with that which had inspired Francis Xavier and sent him forth from Spain with all its flattering prospects of worldly success and political

power to spend his life in hard labor and in the midst of dangers for the benefit of the lowly people of India. This marvelous man whom all the world admires was the heroic model chosen by Jacques Marquette in his own youth of fine promise in France. By consecration of religious vows, whereby he renounced all worldly possessions, he became a brother Jesuit to Xavier. His apostolate carried him to the Western World from whence narratives of heathen folk to be converted to faith in God, but who must be reached by long travels midst uncommon dangers and privations, had come back to France from other Jesuit missionaries and explorers who had gone to the New World. Jacques Marquette came here disposed and anxious to push further westward the frontier of Christianity and to enrich the store of human knowledge with new findings of geography and natural history. Opportunity was quickly given him to carry out his ardent ambitions, and it was the fulfillment of this purpose, to plant in the minds of savage people the Christian faith, hope and charity which make human life worth while in its living and in its supernatural prospect, that brought Marquette on to the site of the present-day Chicago. That his unselfishness impressed the savage people unto wonderment stands out from the candid pages of the records of these journeys wherein are set down the facts that friendly tribes often attempted to deter him and his companions from going further on, by statements of the perils that awaited them and menaced their lives. And the same records show that the wonderment of the savages at their physical courage was heightened to astonishment to know that this noble Frenchman was even joyed at the thought that a death of martyrdom might come to him whilst upon his enterprise of spreading the kingdom of God. Not once in all his journeyings nor in his parleyings with savage folk did his conduct belie his purpose of giving always that which he had in great richness, namely, faith and courage and supernatural knowledge and great culture of intellect and heart, and of neither asking nor expecting any worldly reward for his services.

Surely the people of this generation need the inspiration of such an example of selflessness. And may all who pass by this way and gaze upon the bronze figure of this noble man be ennobled by the thought of his generous life for the welfare of his fellowman.

Another noble trait which characterized Marquette all his life through can well be made the subject of reflection and imitation by the world today. It is his lofty chivalry for womankind. Admiration for and love of the Immaculate Mother of God, his Savior, was a dominant feature of his religious life. He dedicated all his actions





MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE JAMES MARQUETTE, S. J., LOUIS JOLLIET AND THE ALGONQUIN INHABITANTS OF ILLINOIS, erected by Art Institute of Chicago as trustee of the Ferguson Fund two hundred and fifty years after the voyage of discovery of Marquette and Jolliet.





to her honor and sought to make their honesty and integrity worthy of her spotless purity.

The actions of Marquette when his frail craft first touched the shores of our rived and he disembarked on our land were also of a kind to consecrate our city. For his first act was to offer sacrifice, the Sacrifice of the Holy Mass, to honor God the Creator of the world and to thank Him for His blessings. Surely the example of a man like Marquette who placed service of God through observance of His commandments and the acknowledgment of His gifts as the first and last and always paramount duty of his life is one which the generation and every generation of human kind need to know and follow.

This occasion, therefore, is one for which the citizens of Chicago should be most grateful to Benjamin Franklin Ferguson, whose wise beneficence has made possible the erection of this inspiring statuary group. It is also an occasion that augurs well for the future of our civilization inasmuch as it sets up for the veneration of all the likeness of a man whose character and whose achievements typify the noblest things of human life.

#### DEDICATORY ADDRESS

*Cyrus McCormick, Jr.*

Those of us who are here today are, if we stop to consider, born with the proverbial silver spoons. Whether our well-being is measured in dollars or in dimes we cannot avoid the fact that we enjoy reasonably assured incomes, we have homes to shelter us, we are as sure as possible that tomorrow at this same hour we shall be doing about the same thing as today, we can count on those who love us and feel that our families will extend to us enough love and affection to give us assurance that not only our bodies but our hearts as well will receive care and sustenance today and tomorrow. In short we are fortunate beings. We are the children of men and women who slaved that we might be free politically and morally. We are the heirs of those who have suffered that we may enjoy.

The history of our nation, like that of other countries, is really a record of the soul-testing of one generation after another, each using as a foundation the work of its predecessor and each building thereon something which, if our work be properly done, is a little bit better, a little bit nearer the ideal, than is that of our fathers. Thus it is that things change from century to century, thus it is that the work of one man is he play of his son, the laugh of one grows out of the toil and sorrow of another.

In all this progression of greater things out of smaller, we of today should feel an inspiration in trying to improve on the work of those who have gone before, for we have ever before us the challenge of their accomplishment. We must respect their work if we dare to claim the privilege of using their results as a foundation for our own contribution to what we take pride in calling our ever improving civilization. The farmer of Illinois should remember that his rich acres, smiling in their harvest of wheat and corn, and their herds of cattle, were carved out of the primeval wilderness of forest or plain by some brave pioneer who dared to turn his face toward the then untravelled west; the worker of modern Chicago must remember the no less adventurous pioneer who, by strength of his arm and the vision of his brain, turned the prairie village into a town, the young town into a city, and the growing city into the gigantic metropolis of today. Back of both of these men, farmer and artisan, we, their heirs, must recognize and acclaim the hardy explorer who made possible the farm and the workshop—the discoverer.

How many counties in this fair state of ours or in her neighbors are without railways, how far can one go in this broad land without meeting man? What a change there has been within the memory of living man—but what is a man's life compared with a page of history? Do you, my friends, realize that our great city has not yet celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its complete birth, that two and a half centuries ago no white man had ever seen the sand dunes and swamps that were our Chicago? The jungles of Central Africa today are less distant from civilization, the terror of their unknown mysteries less severe than the inland reaches of our country in those days. Time is indeed a brutal master, making our yesterdays seem so near, our puny efforts seem so small.

But time, the cruel pace-setter, has bequeathed us a sovereign antidote, whereby we of today may pay to the records of the past the honor due. This tribute is our love of romance. It lives in every page of Cooper, it breathes in the sweet music of Eugene Field, it brings peace to a humdrum life, it paints in sunrise shades the drab mantle of ceaseless effort. It colors our little lives with reflected halos of the glories of the past, it enlivens this place with the consecrated sacrifice of those who died that we might be.

But perhaps someone may say that there was no romance in the life of Father Marquette and his brave associates, only courage and a daily struggle with the wilderness and early death following hard after the exhausting rigors of an over-active life. But that would be to lack appreciation of their true spirit, for to them romance was



the meat and drink of daily existence. No material reward came to them any more than gain comes to us who honor them today. They did their work with faith in a task well done, we praise their names full of the romance of their accomplishment, that in this way we may more easily remember—and profit by—their faith.

Therefore let us be grateful that they lived and toiled for us, let us be grateful for the material well-being that has followed. Let us be grateful, too, for the foresight of that prince of commerce whose vision and confidence in the romance of ancient days made this celebration possible. Let us praise the artistic skill that has given form to this tribute to bygone captains. Let us take pride in the collective wisdom of the great city that has offered in her parks and boulevards, a glimpse of summer sunshine and green leaves and a home for those expressions of our admiration. And above all, let us sincerely and reverently take unto ourselves a small share of the romance of the adventure that gazed far out into the unknown continent and see there our country.

This, Sir, completes my task. From now on you will be the guardian of this tribute. It typifies Chicago's recognition of the great work of Father Marquette, it exemplifies a desire to couch this expression in a beautiful form, it places upon you the welcome burden of custodianship for all the symbolism of this monument, but above all it is a vibrant expression of the romance of the past living on into today, and on and on until today itself shall have become the past. To your care, Sir, I entrust this monument and, in the name of the Trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago, dedicate it to the glorious memory of Father Marquette,—and to the Chicago of today and of the past and of the future.

#### ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE

*Sol Westerfeld*

Mr. Chairman:—I have been delegated by the Honorable Dr. John Dill Robertson, President of the Chicago West Park Commissioners, to represent him and to express his regrets that circumstances beyond his control prevent his presence.

It therefore becomes my pleasing duty on behalf of the Chicago West Park Commissioners to accept this beautiful monument, not only a work of art, but a fitting memorial to the work and achievements of that courageous, self-sacrificing young priest, Father Marquette.

May this monument not only give testimony to the high regard and appreciation we have for the memory of Marquette, but may it

serve as an inspiration to all who see it, especially our young people. May its artistic granite and bronze speak more eloquently than human tongue, that self-sacrifice and devotion as exemplified in the life of Marquette shall never be forgotten and are worthy our emulation.

On behalf of the Chicago West Park Commissioners I accept this beautiful monument and pledge to you, Mr. Chairman and the Art Institute of Chicago, administrators of the Ferguson Fund, that we shall ever safeguard it, that we shall beautify this spot and its surroundings, and, Mr. Chairman, may I not at this time offer to the Trustees of the Ferguson Fund additional locations in the West Park System suitable for the placing of monuments commemorating historical events, or the lives of men whose achievements entitle them to recognition, and whose memory thereby may be perpetuated.

Mr. Chairman, on behalf of the Chicago West Park Commissioners, I thank you for this beautiful addition to the artistic monuments in the West Park System.

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## W A N T E D

Copies of the following issues of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL  
REVIEW :

Vol. II, No. 2, October, 1919

Vol. III, Nos. 3 and 4, January and April, 1921

Vol. IV, Nos. 2 and 4, October, 1921, and April, 1922

Vol. V, No. 1, July, 1922

Copies of the above will be purchased by the Society at the regular  
subscription price.



# THE LIFE OF JAMES MARQUETTE

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This is the second of a series of papers on Father Marquette, missionary and discoverer. The first series appeared in the July number of the *ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW* (1926), and dealt with the early life of Marquette and his first Mission work in Canada. A large part of the matter in the first series was obtained for the writer by Rev. Alfred Hamy, S. J., a well known French historian. The second series begins with Marquette's work among the Huron and Ottawa Indians at Mackinac, and ends with the successful discovery of the Mississippi River and the exploration of the Mississippi Valley. The original documents bearing upon this part of the life of Marquette are contained in the *Jesuit Relations*.

It is a great help for one who wishes to interpret the past to visit the scenes where history has been enacted. Fr. Spalding has gone over the principal places connected with the life of Marquette. In a letter to a friend he writes: "I have spent several days in exploring the country around Mackinac from which Marquette and Joliet set for on their memorable voyage of discovery. I have stood on the bank of the Mississippi in upper Minnesota where one could throw a stone across the narrow channel, and I have watched the great ocean vessels battle against its current below New Orleans where there was a depth of two hundred feet. I was much disappointed with my first view of the confluence of the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers; but during the June rise I found the Missouri terrifying in its power. The great tide of the Ohio River, where it meets the Mississippi, is magnificent in its broad stretch. But of the views which greeted Marquette I found none more interesting than the portage (near the city of Wisconsin of that name), where the Fox River runs due north, and nearby the broad current of the Wisconsin River sweeps away to the south. I have prayed with emotion at the grave of the priest discoverer."

A third series on this subject will appear in the January number of the *ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW*.

## I. MISSION AT MACKINAC. PREPARATION FOR THE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

Before Marquette left his Mission on the southwestern shore of Lake Superior for the villages of the Illinois, his Christian Indians were visited by twelve braves from the Dakotahs or Sioux. They came from that part of the west which they were later to make memorable by their depredations upon the white settlers; but their present visit was one of peace. While in a council with the Ottawas and Hurons one of their warriors was killed by a Huron brave. Thinking that they had been surrounded through treachery the Dakotahs began to defend themselves. A general melee followed. All the Dakotahs fell; not, however, until they had killed many of their enemies. The Ottawas and Hurons now began to fear for their own safety. Too well they knew the power of their enemy when once they had bran-

dished their knives of stone and sounded their tocsins of war. The Ottawas did not wait to meet their foes; their tents of bark were struck; their simple cooking utensils were collected and thrown pell-mell into their canoes; dogs, children, women, and warriors were huddled together in the frail canoes, and the prows were turned eastward. The Hurons, too, were seized with a sudden panic as the news came of the approach of the war party of the fierce Dakotah. But whither could they go? They were unwelcome strangers in the land of the Illinois; the enraged Sioux were pressing on from the west; their ancient abodes south of the lake which still bore their name were too close to their old enemies, the Iroquois,—they committed themselves to the waves, and followed in the wake of their old friends, the Ottawas. Marquette bade farewell to the Illinois and embarked with his wandering children.

“The fugitives,” says Shea, “remembering the rich fisheries of Mackinac, resolved to return to that pebbly strand. It was indeed a bleak spot to begin a new home. It was a point of land almost encompassed by wind-tossed lakes, icy as Siberian waters. The cold was intense, the cultivation difficult; but the water teemed with fish, and the very danger and hardship of their capture gave it new zest. Besides, this was a central point for trade, and so additionally recommended itself to the Huron, who still as of old sought to advance his worldly prospects by commerce.

“Stationed at this new spot, Marquette’s first care was to erect a chapel. Rude and unshapely was the first sylvan shrine raised by Catholicity at Mackinac; its sides of logs, its roof of bark had nothing to impress the senses, nothing to win the wayward child of the forest by its dazzling splendor;—all was as simple as the Faith he taught. Such was the origin of the Mission of Saint Ignatius, or Michilimackinaw, already in a manner begun the previous year by the missionaries on the island of that name. The Hurons soon built near the chapel a palisade fort, less stout and skilful indeed than the fortresses found among their kindred Iroquois by Cartier and Champlain, but in their declining state sufficient for their defence.”

With his Huron and Ottawa Christians at Mackinac Marquette spent two and a half years, that is, from the fall of 1670 to the spring of 1673, when he started on his memorable voyage. While he complained of the fickleness of the Hurons, who occasionally fell back into their superstitious practices in which they had been reared, those were the most satisfactory years of his apostolate among the red men. On one occasion when he was absent three weeks from the Mission, the Indians went regularly to the chapel for prayer, and the young girls



sang the hymns which he had taught them. On his return the entire tribe welcomed him and proceeded to the chapel, many coming in from the fields which were some distance from the village.

When the crops were gathered the Indians celebrated what was called the Feast of Squashes, the object of which was to return thanks for the abundant supply of squashes for the winter. The priest attended the feast as it in no way partook of the pagan rites; he seized the occasion to remind the Indians of the bounty of God in their behalf while many of the other tribes suffered from want.

"Some Christians," he writes, "who came up from Quebec and Montreal declared at the outset that they would not attend meetings where God was offended; that if they were invited to feast they would follow the Christians in their customs. They placed themselves on my side when I was able to be present, and maintained their freedom when I was absent.

"A savage of note among the Hurons invited me to his feast at which the chiefs were present. After calling each of them by name he told them that he wished to state his intention to them so that all might know it,—namely that he was a Christian; that he renounced the God of dreams, and all their lewd dances; that the Black Gown was master of his cabin; and that he would not abandon that resolution whatever might happen. I felt pleasure in hearing him, and at the same time I spoke more strongly than I had hitherto done,—telling them that I had no other design than to place them on the road to Paradise; that for this alone I remained among them, that this obliged me to remain among them at the peril of my life.

"In an assembly last year in the woods five other tribes were assembled at that council and I was given a present of a large porcelain collar in answer to what I had said—that I intended to strengthen Christianity among the Hurons, which seemed as yet only beginning. That man and all his kindred made a declaration and said that I alone should govern their cabin. As regards those with whom I am not satisfied, if I manifest by a single word that I am not pleased with them, they come of their own accord and bring the inmates of their cabin to prayer. I hope that what they do through respect and fear will one day be done through love and with the desire of being saved.

"Over one hundred souls left last autumn for the chase; those who remained here asked me what dances I prohibited. I replied in the first place that I would not permit those which God forbids, such as indecent ones; that, as regards the others I would decide about them when I had seen them. Every dance has its own name; but I did not find any harm in any of them except that called the "Bear-

Dance." A woman who became impatient in her illness, in order to satisfy both her God and her imagination, caused twenty women to be invited. They were covered with bearskins and wore fine porcelain collars; they growled like bears and pretended to hide like bears. Meanwhile the sick woman danced and from time to time told them to throw oil on the fire with certain superstitious rites. The men who acted as singers had great difficulty in carrying out the sick woman's designs as they were not familiar with the airs, for that dance was not known to the Tobacco Indians. I availed myself of this fact to dissuade them from the dance. I did not forbid others which were of no importance . . .

"Severe as the winter is, it does not prevent the Indians from coming to the chapel. Some come twice a day, be the wind or cold what it may. Last fall I began to make general Confessions of their whole life, and to prepare others who had never confessed since their baptism. I would not have supposed that Indians could give so exact an account of all that had happened in the course of their lives; but it was seriously done and some took two weeks to examine themselves. Since then I have perceived a marked change, so that they will not go to even ordinary feasts without asking my permission.

"As the savages have vivid imaginations, they are often cured of their sickness when they are granted what they desire. Their medicine-men who know nothing about their diseases, propose a number of things to them for which they might have a desire. Sometimes the sick person mentions it, and they fail not to give it to him. But many during the winter fearing that might be a sin, always replied with constancy that they desired nothing, and that they would do whatever the Black Gown wanted them. I did not fail during the autumn to visit them in their fields where I instructed them and made them pray to God, and told them what they had to do. I also made frequent and regular visits to them,—especially those who owing to their advanced age could not come to the chapel. A blind woman who had formerly been instructed by Father Breboeuf, had not during all these years forgotten her prayers; she daily prayed to God that she might not die without grace,—and I admired her sentiments. Another aged woman to whom I spoke of hell shuddered at it and said that they had no sense in their former country, but that they had not committed so many sins since they had been instructed.

"Since there was no bell for the chapel I went to notify them on the vigils of the feasts. When time permitted I delivered a short discourse to them in which I always included what they had to believe and the principal things from which they had to abstain. I also seized

the opportunity to speak to some of them in private, to inculcate what I considered most necessary to them.

"This year I baptized twenty-eight children. One of them was brought here from St. Marie du Sault without having received the sacrament. I was informed of this by Father Henry Nouvel in order that I might attend to it. Without my knowing it, the child fell sick; but God permitted that while instructing in my cabin two important and sensible Indians, one asked me whether such a sick child was baptized. I went at once, baptized it, and it died the next night. Some of the other children are also dead and in heaven. These are the consolations which God sends us, and which serve to make our wretched lives full of happiness."<sup>1</sup>

While Father Marquette was laboring among the Hurons at the Mission of Saint Ignatius at Mackinac, other Jesuits were toiling with equal zeal and fortitude at their different posts along the Great Lakes; like him they were gladdened at times by the fervor of the neophytes, then saddened by their inconstancy. There were other Missions farther east where Huron and Iroquois dwelt in the same cabin and prayed before the same altar. After half a century of exterminating war they had smoked the pipe of peace; and many of the fiercest and most cruel of the Five Nations had become Christians. Their good example was often the means of drawing others to ask for the same blessing; in fact the exemplary lives of the Hurons in the settlements near Quebec seem to have impressed the Iroquois even more than did the instructions of the missionaries.

How consoling to the missionaries must have been this change in the former hostile Iroquois. The wolf had become a lamb; those who had been the greatest obstacle to the spread of Christianity were apostles to their own nation and were bringing the new converts and the neophytes to the Christian settlements near Quebec, where they would have before them the good example of the docile and peaceful Hurons.

It was in the summer of 1672 that Marquette wrote from his Mission at Mackinac, where he had spent two years, and described the

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<sup>1</sup> Material dealing with this part of the life of Marquette will be found in the *Jesuit Relations*: Vol. 1, pp. 34, 317; Vol. 50, p. 372; Vol. 58, pp. 65, 71; Vol. 59, pp. 14, 87-163, 293-299, 310; Vol. 65, p. 266. Also "*The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*," edited by Edna Kenton in one volume. Published by A. and B. Boni, New York, 1925. This book contains selections from the incomplete on many topics; but the account of the two voyages and the death of Marquette are given in their entirety. For the first voyage see pp. 333-367. For the second voyage see pp. 376-388; also 367-376. For the death of Marquette see pp. 376-388.



Indians as "more tractable and better disposed to receive the graces given them than in any other place." He concludes this letter to his superior Father Dablin with the following statement: "I am preparing to leave it (Mackinac) in the hands of another missionary to go by your reverence's order towards the South Sea to new nations that are unknown to us, to teach them to know our great God of whom they have hitherto been ignorant." In this letter, then Marquette refers to his intended voyage of discovery,—the discovery of the Mississippi. This was the second time that he had prepared for the undertaking. In the meanwhile other missionaries along the lakes had heard reports of the river, so that Marquette had more details to guide him than he would have had, had he started from La Pointe two years before. It was not his intention to depart until the following spring. With the approach of winter Joliet came to the Mission at Mackinac with the official commission from the Governor of Canada, Count Frontenac, to undertake the same discovery for which Marquette was now making his second preparation. At once they joined hands and minds for the work; when the ice of winter had melted they went forth on their memorable voyage.

While the long winter months went by at the Mission of Saint Ignace, Mackinac, Marquette and Joliet completed their preparations for the voyage.<sup>2</sup> It must have been a surprise and pleasure to the latter to find the amount of information which the missionaries had

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<sup>2</sup> Throughout this narrative I have given Marquette the place of honor in preference to Joliet; my reasons for doing so I have explained in a former article in the *ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW* (Oct. 1923, pp. 40-50). In the same number of the *REVIEW* (p. 50, etc.) Rev. Francis Borgia Steck, O. F. M., in a carefully written and exhaustive paper argues that Vaca should have the first claim. Vaca and his half starved companions in leaky boats drifted along the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and were thrown ashore somewhere in Texas. "He (Vaca) came to the mouth of a broad river which poured so large a stream of water into the gulf that he took fresh water from the sea. Probably it was the Mississippi River" (from "The Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States," by Woodberry Lowery, pp. 100, 190). It will be noticed that Lowery refers to the finding of the Mississippi as only probable. He quotes other authorities who "think" it was the mouth of the Mississippi. On such frail evidence as is presented by Lowery and others, I am unwilling to grant to Vaca any claim whatever as a discoverer. One hundred and fifty years after Vaca's time La Salle with a knowledge of the Mississippi and with a well equipped expedition to enter the river could not find the mouth of the stream. There are five complete copies or translations of Vaca's story in the Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill. I cannot see how any one who reads the original carefully can accord to Vaca the honors of the discoverer of the Mississippi River.

accumulated in regard to the river which he was to seek. A rude map was traced of the countries through which they were to pass, the villages which they were to visit, and the rivers on which they were to sail. It was no doubt this map or a copy of it that Marquette completed after the voyage, and which has fortunately been preserved. They knew that the expedition would be hazardous; but every precaution was used to prevent its being foolhardy. Had La Salle acted with the same foresight and sought for like information his ambitious schemes would not have met with failure. Parkman has spoken of Marquette as the ideal missionary with but little knowledge that was practical. La Salle is pictured by him as the keen, practical business man, treading the earth with sure foot, and representative of the spirit that built up empires. No comparison could be more unfair. Marquette was preeminently practical; and had his aim been colonization, had he undertaken to establish settlements in Illinois or at the mouth of the Mississippi, we believe the other chapters would be written of Fort St. Louis.

It is to be regretted that we do not know the names of the five other Frenchmen who were members of the expedition. Jacques Le Castor and Pierre Parteret, who served the missionary so faithfully during his second voyage and were with him at his death, were, we believe, his companions on this first adventure. They were not of the type of the swaggering, reckless hunter or wood ranger like Du Luth; but men like Nicolet, who preserved French piety and devotion to duty in the midst of camp life.<sup>3</sup>

We can picture the motley crowd which gathered near the shore on the morning of that eventful seventeenth of May, 1673, to see the expedition start. Marquette offered the sacrifice of the Mass for the success of the enterprise while his companions knelt in prayer in the rude chapel. Then down to the shore came the wondering savages, believing that the seven men were embarking on a voyage which would end in certain death. The chiefs gave short harangues; Marquette exhorted the Christian Indians to be faithful in their religious duties, promising them that another Black Robe would soon come to take his place. He assured them that the Great Spirit would watch over him

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<sup>3</sup> In the historical section of the Milwaukee Public Library there is a picture of Marquette sailing down the Mississippi in the company of Indians. But there were no Indians with him on this part of his voyage, the expedition consisting of seven Frenchmen—Marquette, Jolliet and five others. The attention of the authorities of the library has been called to this error; but they have allowed the picture to hang in the library for years and to give a false interpretation to a historical event which has a special appeal to the people of Wisconsin.

and his companions and preserve them from all harm. The seven Frenchmen were seated in the frail canoes; the Jesuit was to be no guest of the expedition; like the rest, he took his place to row; the paddles dipped, and the voyage of discovery was begun.

## II. FINDING THE GREAT RIVER <sup>4</sup>

It was no pleasure trip upon which Marquette and Jolliet embarked. The chill of winter was still in the air, the water was icy cold, and storms swept across the northern shore of Lake Michigan. When the tourist stands today and gazes out over the straits of Mackinac from the island beach, the waters seem tranquil, but when an excursion boat takes him a few hundred feet from the shore, he is surprised to find the vessel heaving in the choppy swells. Even if the day was the fairest the rowing was hard and tedious. But Marquette spoke of the joy that was in his heart; while the paddles dipped merrily over the lake. Day after day they skirted the northern shore of Lake Michigan. During this first part of the expedition they carried with them a little corn and dried meat. With their limited tenting supplies they must have suffered at this early part of the expedition the discomfortures of the cold nights. But every member of the expedition was inured to this manner of life. It was therefore no new experience for Marquette and his companions when they drew up their canoes on the damp, bleak shore for the night's bivouac. The wail of the pine trees or the breaking of the surf was familiar music to their ears.

It is about ninety miles in a straight line from Saint Ignace, the starting place to the peninsula which still bears its French name of Point de Tour. But the voyagers, who were forced to keep reasonably close to the shore, must have paddled more than a hundred and twenty miles. This was perhaps the most dangerous part of the expedition, as they were exposed to the storms of the open waters which today not infrequently wreck steamers. However, they could make for the land at the approach of a storm, and await calm weather.

Passing the Bays of Big and Little Noquette they came to the first Indian village of the Menominee or Wild Indians at the mouth of

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<sup>4</sup>Accounts of the discovery of the Mississippi River and the exploration of the Mississippi Valley by Marquette and Jolliet may be found in the following volumes of the Jesuit Relations: Vol. 1, p. 34; Vol. 50, p. 322; Vol. 58, pp. 65, 71; Vol. 59, pp. 87-163, 293-299, 310; Vol. 65, p. 266. See also: American Catholic Historical Researches, vol. 10, pp. 76-79; vol. 12 p. 91; vol. 21, p. 42; vol. 22, p. 281.



the river which still bears the name of the tribe. "As we have preached the Gospel to them for many years," says Marquette, "there are many good Christians among them. The wild oats from which they take their name are a kind of grass which grows in marshy places and the slimy bottoms of small streams; they are like the wild oats which grow among our wheat. The ears are on jointed stalks which rise above the water about the month of June and continue to grow until they are two feet high. The grain is not as thick as our oats, but is twice as long, so that the meal from it is much more abundant. The following is the way in which the Indians gather it and prepare it for use. During the month of September, which is the harvest time, they go in canoes across these fields of oats, and shake the ears on their right and left as they advance; when ripe the grain falls easily, so that a sufficient quantity is collected in a short time. To clear it from chaff and free it from a pellicle in which it is enclosed, they put in on a wooden lattice under which a fire is kept smouldering for several days. When the oats are well dried they are put in a bag made of skin; the bag is then placed in a hole in the ground and treaded until the grain is ready for winnowing. It is then pounded into meal, or even unpounded is boiled in water seasoned with grease; prepared in this way, wild oats are almost as palatable as rice would be with the same seasoning.

"I informed these people of the Wild-Oats tribe of my design of going to discover distant nations, to instruct them in the mysteries of our holy faith; they were very much surprised, and did their best to dissuade me. They told me that I would meet nations that never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without any provocation; that the war which had broken out among the various tribes on our route exposed us to evident danger of being killed by the war parties which are constantly in the field; that the great river is dangerous for those who have not navigated it; that it is full of frightful monsters who swallow up men and canoes together; that it is guarded by a demon whose cry can be heard from afar and who stops the current and engulfs all who dare approach; that the heat is so excessive in those countries that it would infallibly cause our death.

"I thanked them for their kind advice but assured them that I could not follow it when the salvation of souls was concerned; for them I was ready to lay down my life. I made light of their pretended demon, telling them that we could defend ourselves against those river monsters, and could avoid the other dangers which threatened us. After praying with them and giving them some instruction I left them."

The forty miles of the voyage from the Menominees to the upper end of Green Bay proved interesting to the party. As the Indians called this the Salt Sea, most diligent search was made for salt springs; but, as none could be found, Marquette concluded that the place had received the name on account of the slime and mud of the bay, which gave forth noisome vapors. During this and his subsequent visit he noticed that this was a great storm center and attributed the loud and prolonged peals of thunder to the humidity of the locality. He also studied the tides of the lake and, observing that even during tranquil weather these tides rose and fell at regular intervals, he was convinced from his observations that they were due in part to the attraction of the moon.

The party tarried but a short time at the Mission of Saint Francis Xavier at the mouth of the Fox River near the present town of De Pere, where dwelt in peace Christian Indians of several tribes, two thousand of whom had been baptized during the past ten years. The scenery here was beautiful, and the river was filled with a variety of birds, especially ducks, which dived into the shallow water for the wild oats of the previous season. Blackbirds, too, rose with clamorous cries from the matted stalks of the wild oats along the margin of the bay and river.

Up the Fox River was a tedious and trying trip of nearly thirty miles. The water power which then dashed on to the lake has in our times been utilized to operate the largest pulp mills of the world; at that time the current formed a serious barrier to the progress of the western voyager. Rowing was impossible save at short intervals. With slow and toilsome work the canoes were dragged up the treacherous stream, the legs were benumbed by the icy water, and the feet were cut by the sharp stones in the twisting shallows. Then the two canoes glided out into Lake Winnebago. Both Marquette and Jolliet mark this lake upon their maps, although neither gives it a name. The Fox River flows into it and is its outlet to Lake Michigan. The sail along the western shore of the lake must have proved a pleasant respite after the struggle with the rapids below. On entering the upper branch of the Fox River, the voyagers did not experience any difficulty in rowing, for the water was deep and the current slow.

On the seventh of June they came to the Maskouten or Fire Nation. The precise location of this village is a matter of conjecture; but it was close to the Fox River and about midway between Lake Winnebago and the Wisconsin. Here the voyagers tarried for three days. Near the town Marquette drank of the water of a mineral spring, and examined an herb whose root, as the Indians claimed, was

an antidote against the bite of a serpent. In the centre of the village he was consoled on beholding a cross bedecked with belts and skins, and bows and arrows. He mistook this emblem as a sign of their belief in Christianity; but later investigation has proved that the pagan Indians of the west had used the cross as a symbol of religious belief long before the advent of the French. Still, it is possible that this cross in the rude village on the Fox River may have been connected by tradition with the Cross of Calvary, that Christianity, rude and fragmentary, and Christianity, living and vivifying, may have encircled the globe and met across the centuries.

"I felt no little pleasure in beholding the position of the town," writes Marquette; "the view is beautiful and very picturesque, for from the eminence on which it is perched the eye discovers on every side prairies spreading far away, interspersed with thickets and groves of lofty trees. The soil is very good, producing much corn. The Indians gather quantities of plums, and also grapes from which good wine could be made.

"Their village is the limit of the discoveries made by the French, for they have not yet passed beyond it. The town is made up of three nations which inhabit it—the Miamis, the Maskoutens, and the Kikibous. The first are more civil, liberal and are better specimens of manhood; they wear two long earlocks which give them a good appearance. They have the name of being great warriors, and never send out war parties in vain; they are very docile, too, and listen quietly to what you tell them. When Father Allouez was here they were so eager to hear him that they gave him rest neither day nor night. The other two nations are ruder, and are like peasants when compared to the Miamis."<sup>5</sup>

"As bark for cabins is rare in this country, the Indians use rushes which serve them for walls and roofs; their cabins, however, do not shelter them from the wind and still less from the rain when it falls in torrents. The advantage of this kind of dwelling is that it can be folded and carried easily when the Indians are hunting.

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<sup>5</sup> In the main reception room of Marquette University may be seen the original copy of the classical picture of Marquette, by the Austrian painter, Lamprecht. As far as I have been able to learn, Lamprecht came to the United States about the year 1867 and settled in Cincinnati where he painted this picture. It was put on exhibition and then offered for sale; then it was put in storage for some years and was slightly damaged. About 1883 it was purchased by a friend and presented to Marquette University. My interpretation of the picture is the meeting of Marquette and the Miami Indians at this place of his voyage.



“No sooner had we arrived than M. Jolliet and myself assembled the sachems. He told them that he had been sent by the governor to discover new countries, and that I had come to illumine them with the light of the gospel; that the Sovereign Master of our lives wished to be known by all nations, and that to obey his will I did not fear death, to which I exposed myself in such dangerous voyages. We then made them a present and begged them to give us two guides. This they did willingly; they also gave us a present,—a mat to serve as a bed during our voyage.”

After tarrying for three days in this hospitable village, on the morning of the tenth of June the voyagers set forth with their two guides. The Indians were amazed to see seven Frenchmen in two small canoes undertake so dangerous an expedition. The channel of the Fox River now became narrow, and twisting, and choked with duck-weed, wild oats, and other semi-aquatic vegetation; it opened out at times into marshes and small lakes, fringed with decayed stems of the previous year's growth, and dotted with the half-submerged domed houses of colonies of muskrats; or was covered with water lilies, which entirely obliterated all semblance of passage. At times the struggling current seemed lost beneath the impending willows. Only the experience and instinct of the Miami could have guided the canoes through the watery maze.

The writer will never forget his surprise on first visiting the historic watershed which separates the tributaries of the Great Lakes from those of the Mississippi. Here the Fox River has lost all claims to its name, for a small canoe or skiff can reach from bank to bank; the stream which on leaving Lake Winnebago can turn a thousand turbines, labors to push aside the smallest craft. At this particular locality it runs due north. A small ship canal now connects it with the Wisconsin at a short distance from the old Indian trail over the bank of the latter river there was erected, Oct. 19, 1905, a statue with the following inscription: This tablet marks the place near which Jacques Marquette and Louis Jolliet entered the Wisconsin River, June 17, 1673. The Wisconsin here is a magnificent stream more than a quarter of a mile in width, with an abundant supply of water, with a deep rushing current which seems to exult in its freedom and strength. Some distance farther up, in the far famed Wisconsin Dells, the river has been forced between the lime-stone cliffs. But now it is free, and no other obstruction will bar it as it rushes on to throw its current into the bosom of the greatest river of the world.

From the northern streamlet where the canoes touched either shore and stirred theuddy bottom of the struggling waters, the voy-

agers disembarked. It required but a few minutes to cross the short unobstructed portage, and the eyes of all were gladdened by the sight of the swift current of the Wisconsin River which rushed before them. Upon this stream no European had ever gazed.<sup>6</sup> Where would it take the explorer? Into what ocean or sea or gulf did it empty? Did treacherous cataracts await the unwary boatmen? No one could tell. The Miami guides could give no further information; they feasted with the party and started homewards.

Marquette was not forgetful of the religious aspect of the expedition; he trusted then, as he had trusted before, in the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate. Down upon the sands he knelt with his companions; devout men were they, and like the priest believed in the efficacy of prayer. So they prayed, prayed for the protection of heaven, prayed for the success of the voyage. Then the canoes were launched again; were caught by the current and borne in a southwestern direction.

Although there was a cessation from rowing, labor and skill were required to guide the canoes in the ever changing current. There was danger from snags; but the water was warm, and it was but a short delay to step from the stranded canoe and push it from the shallows. They passed vine-clad islands, and shores diversified with wood and prairie and hill, and clothed in the spring foliage of oaks, and walnuts, and thorny locust-trees. An occasional deer looked out from the foliage and grazing buffalo took fright at the approach of the white men. Stopping one day they found what seemed to be an iron mine. At night they camped upon one of the many islands and dragged their canoes ashore. A campfire was lit and sagamite was made of the corn upon which they were still depending for their subsistence. Then came evening prayer, the fire was extinguished and silence—the silence

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<sup>6</sup> See the long and scholarly article, "Groseilliers and Radisson," by Warren Upham, in the "Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society," Vol. X, Part III, pp. 449-594. It is claimed in this paper that Radisson and his companion reached not only the Wisconsin but the Mississippi River. However Mr. Upham does not consider his conclusions entirely convincing, and grants that even if it were proved beyond doubt that Radisson reached the Mississippi, that Radisson does not deserve the honors of a discoverer, as "he failed to discern the important geographic significance of the river, etc." Mr. Upham would give the highest honor of its discovery to Jolliet and Marquette, "because they made known what they found." In this paper Mr. Upham agrees with my own definition of a discoverer and my reasons for calling Marquette and Jolliet the true discoverers of the Mississippi River. (See the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, Oct., 1923, p. 40). At the end of Mr. Upham's article is a long and valuable list of references.

of centuries, settled down upon the river and the landscape. For four days they drifted down the Wisconsin until, on the seventeenth of June, 1673, their canoes glided out into the broad swift current of the Mississippi. "We safely entered the Mississippi on the seventeenth of June, with a joy I cannot express," such is the simple record which Marquette made of his memorable discovery.

Two centuries and more have wrought but little change upon the scene which gladdened the sight of Marquette on that eventful seventeenth of June when his canoe glided out into the current of the Mississippi. On the left bank of the Wisconsin River rises today a series of hills whose large oak trees bear witness to the fact that nature here has been undisturbed.<sup>7</sup>

To the right of the Mississippi the Iowa bluffs of limestone, fringed with oaks and birch, bear the impress of ages. Marquette was so impressed with the high banks that he called them a chain of mountains. A glance at the landscape from the top of these elevations will convince one that the scene has remained unaltered, with the exception of the lowlands at the juncture, just north of the Wisconsin and east of the Mississippi, where the sand banks and willow patches must have shifted with the spring freshets.

The priest discoverer was alert to every sight and sound. We do not know just how he kept his diary—whether he wrote it in detail as he drifted down the river or collected notes which he afterwards arranged. But the account of this voyage as we have it from his pen is so complete in every detail that it will forever form one of the most important documents of American history. It is simply marvelous how he succeeded in getting the exact names of the Wabash River and the Indian tribes so far west that civilization brushed against them only a century later. If we but read the account which he left us, study the map which he drew, and compare the results of his expedition with those of later expeditions, we must conclude that Parkman had but a superficial knowledge of the character of Marquette when he wrote the discoverer down as a dreamer and compared him to some figure evoked from the dim visions of medieval saintship.

Down the great river drifted the canoes of the voyagers; past the impending sycamores and the cottonwood trees which here supplanted the lordly white pines of the lake regions; past the rocky contours of

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<sup>7</sup> On a seventeenth of June, and therefore the anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi River, I got my first view of the mouth of the Wisconsin River. With a single companion and in a small canoe I rowed up the Wisconsin and drifted out into the current of the Mississippi. After this experience I wrote my impressions of the confluence of the two rivers.



the western banks, which the waters far back in geological eras had carved into fantastic forms; past the undulating prairies of Illinois, where deer and buffalo grazed undisturbed by the approach of the white man; past bog and marsh and lagoon, where waterfowl dipped and swam and dived for shoals of minnows in the oozy bottom; past islands glinting with silicious mounds, or green with flags and rushes and fringing willows.

From the mouth of the Wisconsin to the juncture of the Ohio, the Mississippi flows through a channel of from three hundred to four hundred feet below the first geological strata. Its bold bluffs have been undisturbed for centuries. A singular phenomenon of the stream is that its width is not increased by the absorption of even the largest tributaries. But the depth gradually increase with the influx of every river, until at Natchez the channel is one hundred and eighteen feet. We can gain some idea of the immense watershed which it drains by comparing its extena with the continent of Europe; for if plotted upon the map of that country it "would stretch from the North Sea to the confines of Tartary, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic."

Even after the lapse of centuries man has not brought the mighty Mississippi under his entire subjection. The untamed current still bids defiance to dykes and stone embankments; there can still be seen vast extents of lowlands and wooded shores untouched by plow or ax; there still arise lonely islands, some with no signs of vegetation, others clothed with cottonwood or blighted willows. Myriads of blackbirds haunt the air overhead at evening; herons with blue, lustrous wings keep guard along the water's edge; and solitary cranes look out from shallows and beds of rushes.

Then the scene changes, and the poetry of nature vanishes before the smoke and unsightly factories of cities—Dubuque, Davenport, Moline, Quincy, Alton, and St. Louis.

But the work of man has not been all desecration, for high above the hilltops on either shore rise many a gilded cross and church tower. Proof are they that the fondest hopes of Marquette have been realized, and that the banks of the great stream have been consecrated to God.

Again the scene shifts. Towers and factories and smoky horizon vanish; the great steel bridges seem but toys; no gap among the trees reveals the presence of the iron road; the lonely hut among the willows is invisible; the cumbrous boats of the pearl fishers are no longer seen. White-breasted swallows skim the water's surface, and swift-winged bats cleave the air. Nor bank nor island nor water is marked

by the presence of man; and the long stretch of shoreline is as wild and unbroken as the solitudes of the Congo or Amazon.<sup>8</sup>

While no doubt every member of his expedition was interested in the strange sights of a strange land, yet it is probable that Marquette's superior education made him more interested than were his companions; and the fact that he was preparing a report caused him to be more observant. Throughout this part of his diary he constantly refers to the actions of the whole party. At times the latitude was taken, but the results do not tally with the more exact computations of later days. The width of the river was measured, and the channel was sounded for the depth. They noticed the gradual change of the face of nature as they followed the course of the river to the south and southwest. Monstrous catfish were seen, one of which struck the canoe with great violence. A wildeat was observed swimming on the surface of the water, and appeared fierce and tigerlike, magnified no doubt by the broken surface of the water. On casting their nets the canoe-men caught a fish which Marquette called remarkable and described with such accuracy that Director S. A. Forbes of the Natural History Survey of Illinois could easily identify it as the paddlefish or shovel-cat. This expert ichthyologist corroborates the statements of Marquette and calls the shovel-cat "the most remarkable of our freshwater fishes."

Although no traces of human habitation were visible, still the explorers ran no risk of a surprise by any lurking foe. Landing only when it was necessary to prepare a meal, they made but little fire, and on finishing their hasty repast they at once pulled away in their canoes before the smoke could attract any unfriendly Indians. They never slept on the shore at night, but only in their canoes, anchored off some secluded island, and sheltered by patches of willows or windraws of sand. Even with this precaution, one of the party kept watch throughout the night.

After sailing and rowing for eight days, on the twenty-fifth of June, at the mouth of the Des Moines River, they saw for the first time footprints on the shore. Further observation revealed a well-beaten path leading through the woods which skirted the shore and across the undulating prairies. Marquette and Jolliet undertook the hazardous burden of exploring the country, leaving their companions with the canoes and cautioning them against surprise. Here we have the ideal leaders of an expedition, choosing for themselves the posts

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<sup>8</sup> These impressions were written after a delightful trip down the Mississippi River from the Wisconsin River to the mouth of the Missouri.

of danger and leaving the safer tasks to their followers. But they were bent on no pleasure trip. To bring to Canada and to France practical results of the expedition the leaders must gather information from the tribes which dwelt along the great river. This information could not be obtained by riding securely in their canoes. The Indians must be visited.

Marquette confessed that he was awed by the quiet of the great silence of the vast prairies as for five miles he trod the narrow path to the west; and when from an eminence he beheld the Indian villages basking in the sunshine below him, he implored th help and protection of God. Then boldly and fearlessly, with no other weapon than his crucifix to protect him, he walked to meet the savages. The Indians proved to be Marquette's former friends, whom he had met two years before on the bleak shore of Lake Superior. Longfellow, in the last chapter of *Hiawatha*, drew much of his pleasing imagery and Indian lore from the diary of Marquette. Nor did he fail to give his references to the journal of the Jesuit. In later editions of his works, however, these references were omitted by publishers, and the poet was unjustly accusd of plagiarism by thoughtless scholars.

For four days the Frenchmen tarried in the village of the friendly Illinois, sleeping in the cabin of the sachem, visiting villages, being guests at banquets, attending the dances, listening to orators, and smoking the calumet. Those were not days of idle curiosity for Marquette, for besides instructing the savages he obtained valuable information in regard to other tribes. On studying the map of his voyage it is a matter of supreme surprise to the historian to find the names of Indian villages far away to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Whence all this fund of knowledge? Much of it was no doubt gathered during this visit to the Illinois. For, finding them friendly, and understanding their language, Marquette gathered from them the names of the tribes with whom they had traded or carried on war. True chronicler was he; and historians have written him down as the Herodotus of the Mississippi Valley.

Bearing with them the mystic calumet, which was to prove a veritable talisman in the hour of danger, the explorers resumed their voyage, less fearful now, after the Indians had proved so friendly. The current was clear and gentle; nature was teeming with life and beauty. The party sought rest at times, and leaving the small and cramped canoes, wandered among the groves along the river, picking delicious mulberries and enjoying the savory fruit of the may-apple. Marquette noted down each flowers and berry and tree with such exactness that the botanist and dendrologist have but little difficulty



in recognizing the species. He compared the mulberry to those which grew in France, and described the may-apple as a small fruit shaped like an olive but having the taste of an orange. Some member of the party attempted to eat a green persimmon with the ill success no doubt of many a country urchin who for the first time is tempted by his playmates to touch this forbidden fruit of summer. The chin-quipins although not as yet mature proved a more welcome morsel. To the margin of the prairies, too, the Frenchmen strolled, where wild strawberries were abundant and blue-eyed grass, the mimic violet of the meadows, grew in clumps; or, they gathered scarlet and yellow columbines from the crevices of the grey cliffs.

And now the voyagers beheld the two most astonishing sights of the expedition—the painted monsters of the Alton Bluffs and the juncture of the Missouri River.

“As we coasted along rocks frightful for their heights and length, we saw on one of them two painted monsters which at first sight startled us; the boldest Indian dares not gaze on them. They are as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, a frightful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man’s, the body covered with scales and the tail so long that it twice passes around the body, going over the head and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish’s tail. It is painted green and red and a kind of black. On the whole these two monsters are so well designed that one would not believe that it is the work of an Indian; an artist in France would find it difficult to excel the workmanship. They are so high upon the rock that it is difficult to see how the Indians succeeded in painting them.”

Marquette made a drawing of the Painted Monsters, and although it has not been preserved future travelers bore testimony to the accuracy of his description. The paintings have long since vanished, and commercial enterprise has quarried away the limestone bluffs for the use of cement mills; the story, however, is destined to live for generations. Sunday editions of the St. Louis papers have periodically reproduced weird and phantastic interpretations of these Indian paintings, now called the Piasa; and legend in prose and verse has often rehearsed the story of love or valor, which first inspired the savage to paint the pictures high upon the stone canvas of nature.

While the Frenchmen were discoursing about the origin of the strange Indian paintings the roar of rapids was heard below. They were approaching the confluence of the two greatest rivers of the continent. “I have seen nothing more frightful,” writes Marquette, “a mass of large trees, entire with their branches forming real float-

ing islands came rushing from the mouth of the River Pekitanoui (Missouri) and so violently that we could not without danger expose ourselves to enter the current. So great was the agitation that the water was very muddy and remained so during the rest of our voyage."

The writer has had many opportunities of verifying the description here given of the Missouri; he has often stood upon its banks a few miles from the junction of the two rivers, and at a time when the June rise was at its greatest height. The mighty Missouri gathering in its strength from countless streams and swollen rivers for more than a thousand miles seems conscious of its power, and plunges on with ever increasing velocity to do battle with the Mississippi. It carries whole forests as its weapons and hurls huge logs against the projecting banks with the force of battering rams as if angered by the resistance which they offer. The largest trees when caught in the whirling eddies now raise their branching heads like monster Neptunes to view the scene,—now disappear, and swept by the force of the undercurrent, dash on in inextricable confusion. Such is the great river which threw its strong current athwart the bow of Marquette's canoe and made the frail vessel tremble in its angry waters.

At this juncture begins the battle of the rivers. While will win? The clear current of the Mississippi retreats to the eastern shore as if unwilling to commingle with the muddy waters of the Missouri; and mighty as is the intruder it is received into the basin of its rival and does not succeed in adding a yard to the latter's width; it is overpowered and engulfed by the current from the north. So far the Mississippi must be adjudged the victor. But by degrees it loses its character as a smooth, clear and placid stream, and partakes of the nature of the Missouri. It boils and surges as if mighty caldrons were seething below; it bursts its bounds, and goes raging to the sea, and soothes its anger only when it is lost in the Gulf of Mexico.

We have seen that while Marquette was teaching his Christian Indians at La Pointe and Saint Ignace, he yearned for the more difficult Missions among the Illinois; and now his vision is turned towards the west. From the Illinois he had learned of the great length of the Missouri,—that many Indian towns were built along its banks, that it stretched far to the west over boundless and trackless prairies, and finally that its head waters were not far distant from the source of another river, which flowed into the Gulf of California. Again we marvel at the exactness of the knowledge that the priest explorer gained, as he spoke but imperfectly the languages of the tribes which he met. More than a century was to elapse before his

statements were verified; but when the tide of emigration swept over the west and beyond the Rocky Mountains, it followed the way that Marquette had indicated. His was not to be the favor of ascending the Missouri and instructing the tribes at its sources; it was a fellow Jesuit, De Smet, however, who after two centuries was to traverse these vast regions and preach to the Black Feet Indians in the plains of Montana.

Borne on the bosom of the muddy river, the explorers passed the scene where the throbbing life of the great inland city of St. Louis was once to rise. Before coming to the mouth of the Ohio they viewed the high bluffs and isolated peaks which have so often delighted the tourist on the Mississippi River. Just before approaching the alluvial banks on both sides of the river nature has built up on the eastern shore formidable cliffs of limestone. The outcropping strata is broken and twisted, bearing evident marks of some mighty throes of nature similar perhaps to those earthquakes which in the beginning of the nineteenth century changed the face of the land for hundreds of miles, in this very section of the country. Marquette took note of the fact that the whole current of the river was at this place forced into a narrow channel and that the water boiled furiously as it was checked by huge stones and banks of an island. High above the water in the limestone cliff he saw a cave, the habitation of a manitou, or demon, who as the Indians believed, devoured all attempting to pass. These high rocks and banks are easily identified today by the tourist from the deck of a steamer. They are just above the Big Muddy River and are known as the Devil's Bakeoven, the Backbone, the Big Hill and the Grand Chain. Outcrops of iron ore were also noted along the high banks; recent geological reports verify the statement that iron exists here, but not in sufficient quantity to become valuable for manufacture. Marquette described the clays along the banks as "unctuous earth of three colors—purple, violet and red." These clays have been utilized in our times for the manufacture of a superior kind of pottery.

The Ohio does not seem to have impressed the canoemen as a river of great importance; but its Indian name (Quaboukigou) was recorded both on the map and in the diary of Marquette. South of the Ohio the whole face of nature changed. Dendrologists assure us that there are no abrupt lines of demarkation between the species of trees of the north and south; and examples are cited of the hemlock of the arctic region flourishing by the side of the magnolia of the tropics, the latter hibernating in winter and the former withstanding the heats of summer. But the Mississippi Valley below the mouth of the



Ohio changes rapidly, a change which Marquette noted. The reeds along the banks became high and thick, so that herds of buffalo worked their way through them with difficulty, the sycamore and ash yielded to the pecan and sweet gum, and the cypress began its lordly reign; swarms of mosquitoes tortured the Frenchmen, forcing them to take shelter beneath the skins which they used at times for sails.

"While thus borne on at the will of the current," writes Marquette, "we perceived on the shore Indians, armed with guns, with which they awaited us. I presented my calumet while my companions stood ready to fire if they should attack us. I hailed them in Huron, but they answered by a word which seemed a declaration of war. They were, however, as much frightened as ourselves; and what we had taken for a signal of war was an invitation to come ashore for food. We accordingly landed and entered their cabins where they presented us with wild-beef, bear's oil, and white plums which were excellent. They have guns, axes, hoes, knives, beads and glass bottles in which they keep their powder. They wear their hair long and mark their bodies as do the Iroquois; the head-dress and clothing of the women were like those of the Huron squaws.

They assured us that it was not more than ten days' journey to the sea. The clothing and other articles they had bought from Europeans who were like myself, so they said; they had rosaries and pictures, and played on musical instruments. I did not see anyone who seemed to have received instruction in the faith. I gave a few medals to them."

Marquette does not give us the name of this tribe, and we have no means of finding out the exact location of the villages. The Indians may have been a branch of the warlike Chickasaws whose villages reached for hundreds of miles to the east, and brought them into communication with the Spanish settlements. The announcement that the sea was so near gave new courage to the explorers, who remained but a short time with the Indians, and on embarking resumed their work at the oars with renewed ardor.

Down they floated with the current, passing numerous islands where the ubiquitous willow battled with reeds and rushes; entering quiet sloughs and bayous, alive with fish and noisy with aquatic fowl; approaching the festooned banks, where giant cypress trees reigned in a kingdom all their own; frightening flocks of pelicans, which were feeding in the half submerged cane brakes; listening to the crash of matted shores, where the sand and soil had been washed from beneath the impending growth; sailing, floating, rowing, down the great river they went with happy and expectant hearts, conscious of the fact that

every whiff of wind or stroke of the oar brought them nearer to the goal for which they strove.

At the mouth of the Saint Francis River in Arkansas they beheld another Indian village and drew near to interview the savages, whom Marquette called the Mitchigameaes.

"We had recourse to our patroness, the Blessed Virgin Immaculate; and indeed we needed her aid, for we heard the Indians yelling and exciting each other to attack us. They were armed with bows, arrows, axes and war-clubs, and were prepared to combat us by land and sea. Embarking in large wooden canoes, some went up the river and some down so as to surround us completely, while those on the shore stood ready to oppose us. Some of the young braves sprang into the water and attempted to seize my canoe, but the current forced them to return to the shore; one of them threw his war-club at us, which passed over our heads without doing us any harm. In vain I showed the calumet and tried to explain that I had not come as an enemy, for the alarm continued and they were about to shower their arrows upon us when God touched the hearts of the old men on the water-side. It seems that at a distance they had not recognized the calumet; but as I continued to show it they were finally induced to cease hostilities and to restrain the ardor of the younger warriors. Two of the chiefs threw their bows and arrows into our canoe, then entered and brought us to the shore, where we disembarked not without fear on our part. We had at first to speak by signs, for not a one there could understand a word of the six languages which I knew; at last an old man was found who spoke a little Illinois.

"Presenting them with some gifts we informed them that we were going to the sea; they understood this perfectly but I do not know whether they comprehended what I told them of things which concerned their salvation. It is a seed cast in the earth which will bear its fruit in season. We got no answer except that we should learn all we desired at another village lower down the river at a distance of eight or ten leagues. We were presented with sagamite and fish, and spent the night among them, not, however, without some uneasiness.

"Preceded by ten Indians in a canoe we embarked the next morning with out interpreter. When we were within a league of Arkamsea (Arkansas) we saw two canoes coming to meet us. The commander was standing in the bow holding in his hands the calumet, with which he made signs according to the custom of the country; as he approached he sang quite agreeably and invited us to smoke. He then presented us with some sagamite and bread made of Indian corn, of which we ate a little; after this he took the lead towards the village,

making us a sign to follow slowly. In the meanwhile a place had been prepared for us in the wigwam of the chief; it was neat and carpeted with fine mats made of reeds on which they made us sit down with the sachems immediately around us, the braves next, and then the people in crowds. We fortunately found among them a young Indian who spoke Illinois better than the interpreter who had accompanied us. Through him, I spoke to them and gave the ordinary presents; they admired what I told them of God and the mysteries of our holy Faith, and showed a great desire to keep me with them to instruct them.

“We then asked them what they knew of the sea. They replied that we were only ten days’ journey from it (we could have made it in five days). They did not know the nations that inhabited the river farther down; and had been prevented by their enemies from having intercourse with the Europeans there. They had hatchets, knives, and beads which they had obtained from the tribes east of the river and from the Illinois about four miles to the west. We learned that the Indians whom we met and who used fire arms were their enemies, cutting them off from the passage to the sea, preventing them making the acquaintance of the Europeans, or having any commerce with them. We were warned that by going farther we would expose ourselves to great danger, for the war parties of these hostile tribes continually infested the banks of the river. During this conversation sagamite was brought to us on wooden dishes, as also ears of green corn and pieces of dog’s flesh; thus the whole day was spent in feasting.

“These Indians are very courteous, and freely give what they have, but they are very poorly off for food since they cannot hunt wild-cattle on account of their enemies. It is true that they have an abundance of Indian corn which they sow at all seasons; we saw one crops just sprouting, another in the ear, and a third ripe. They cook it in large earthen pots which are well made; they have also dishes of baked earth which they employ for various purposes. The men go naked and wear their hair short; from the nose and ears which are pierced hand strings of beads. The women are dressed in wretched skins; they wear the hair braided on either side, but do not make use of any ornaments. Their banquets are without ceremony, everyone eating as much as he wishes from a wooden dish and giving what is left to his neighbor. The language is extremely difficult, and with all my efforts I could not succeed in pronouncing some words. Their cabins are long and wide and are made of bark; they sleep at the extremities on platforms raised about two feet from the ground.



Their corn is preserved in gourds or baskets made of cane; their riches consist in the hides of wild cattle. The beaver is not found here; nor have the savages ever seen snow. It is never cold, but during the winter it rains oftener than in summer. The watermelon was the only fruit we found; but if the people knew how to cultivate the ground they could have all kinds of fruit.

“In the evening the sachems held a secret council with the intention of killing and plundering us, but the chief broke up their schemes and sending for us danced the calumet in our presence in the manner I described above, as a mark of perfect assurance that no injury would befall; then to remove our fears he gave the calumet to me.”

It was now the seventeenth of July, one month having elapsed since the Frenchmen had left the mouth of the Wisconsin River. Marquette knew that he had already passed further south than Virginia so that the Mississippi could not flow through that land on its way to the ocean. As his voyage had been due south he knew also that the river which he was navigating could not empty into the Gulf of California; there was no other outlet for it, therefore, except the Gulf of Mexico. This conclusion was confirmed by the savages who affirmed that it was but a few days' voyage to the gulf. Marquette and Jolliet deliberated about the advisability of going farther. Had De Soto been leader of the expedition he would have followed the Mississippi to its mouth out of love of adventure; had La Salle been in the command he would probably have acted without foresight or consultation. Marquette and Jolliet deliberated long over the reasons for continuing farther or returning. They had discovered the Mississippi, knew of its sources among the lakes of the far north, had followed its current for a month due south and had learned definitely that it emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. To reach the mouth of the river would add nothing to the information already gathered. The return voyage would be longer and more difficult and might even be prolonged into the cold of winter. The Indians farther down the river were represented as fierce and hostile; there were Spanish settlements, too, where French explorers might not be received with favor.

“We considered moreover,” recorded Marquette, “that we would expose ourselves to the risk of losing the fruit of our voyage if we were captured by the Spaniards, who would at least hold us as prisoners; besides it was clear that we were not prepared to resist the Indian allies of the Europeans, for these savages were expert in the use of firearms; lastly we had gathered all the information that could be desired from the expedition. After weighing all these reasons we

resolved to return; this we announced to the Indians, and after a day's rest prepared to commence our return trip."

Of his return trip the missionary says but little; the dysentary which had so enfeebled him seems to have made it impossible for him to enjoy longer the varied scenes through which he passed. Instead of returning by the Wisconsin and Fox Rivers, a shorter route was taken by way of the Illinois River and Lake Michigan. We are not informed, however, as to how the travelers got their information in regard to this shorter route. In a brief reference to a return trip Marquette writes:

"We found there an Illinois village called Kaskaskia composed of seventy-four cabins. The savages received us kindly and compelled me to promise to return and instruct them. One of the chiefs of the tribe with his young braves accompanied us to the lake of the Illinois (Michigan). Coasting along the shore towards the north we came at the close of September to the Bay of Puans from which we had set out in the beginning of June.

"Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul I should consider my fatigue well repaid; as indeed it was when on my return trip I stayed three days with the Peoria Indians. For when we were about to embark they brought to the water's edge a dying child which I baptized; it expired a few minutes later by an admirable Providence of God for its innocent soul."

HENRY S. SPALDING, S. J.

# THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

## *A Reverie*

One of the world's most famous painters had a son, likewise a painter. The son, however, never won from the world the same high degree of recognition that was accorded his more illustrious father. This young man undertook to paint a picture of an old highway that ran through the country-side near his home. He was fearful that men might change its course, as men, in their whimsical fancy, so often do. He feared that if he did not trace upon his canvas the outlines of this old road of his boyhood, that, when old age came upon him, he would have no definite stage upon which his memory could re-enact the most pleasant and important events of his earlier years. Feverishly he went to work, fearful, even as he worked, that men might change a stone or move a fence or fell a tree.

When, at last, the road had been placed upon his canvas, he called his father in to see the picture. Several minutes had the old man spent in examination of his son's work. At length the young man made bold to ask his father what he thought of it. The father replied: "Well, my son, you have painted a most wonderful picture of that old road, but it is all for you. For me and for the ages that are to come, no forest chorus dwells among your trees waiting to awaken the slumbering countryside to greet the king of day at dawn. Some people there might be who would want to see boyhood and the sunshine romping hand in hand adown your road at noon. There is nothing of the drowsy quiet of a summer afternoon. No evening song bids the day's farewell to the slowly sinking western sun. You have a pathway, it is true, but I can find no trace of the thousands upon thousands of human beings, who, throughout the years, have wended, some, their joyous, others their toilsome, way along its friendly bosom."

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Some of you, no doubt, at some time or another, have paid a visit to the old Franciscan Missions of California; others of you may be living in the hope that at some future time you may enjoy the privilege of wandering down the historic corridors of those old Missions that still are standing or of musing amid the ruins of those now fallen into decay, and which even in their ashes give forth the pleasant odor of a good and holy work accomplished where once they stood in all their majestic splendor. For those of you who have seen them, it



may be that I can awaken memories of a pleasant and profitable hour; for those of you who are yet to see them, perhaps I can suggest an avenue of approach down which you might not otherwise have traveled to their doors.

It is my privilege to direct your attention, for a little while, to the old Missions of California; to ask you to come with me in spirit whilst we roam among the physical ruins of what the Hon. B. D. Wilson, in his report to the Department of the Interior, in 1852, was pleased to describe in substance as one of the greatest works that ever engaged the hands or animated the hearts and souls of men upon this continent. It was a labor of love—a labor for God—this winning of souls from the barren deserts of barbarism to the fruitful fields of Christian civilization.

Out along the shore of California, for the most part within easy hearing of the Pacific surf at play upon the beaches, there fell from the sandaled feet of Franciscan Friars a trail—a pathway in the sands. It extends from the southmost border of California northward to Sonoma, quite some distance north of San Francisco Bay.

History records that the king of Spain had thought of establishing Missions in Alta or Upper California, not only because a great charitable work might be done for the Indians, but also because occupation for such a purpose would serve as an assertion of Spanish sovereignty over the territory.

John de Galvez, Visitor-General to the Mexican provinces of Spain, during the year 1767, came to regard the more frequently occurring visits of the Russians to Alta California as a positive indication that they contemplated seizure of that vast domain. Should this be done, he saw a valuable land lost to Spain and, zealous Catholic as he was, he trembled as he thought of the loss that the natives would sustain if the light of God's True Faith should never illumine the utter darkness wherein these natives dwelt. He thought, and rightly, that since Viscayno, in 1602-3, had landed upon the shores of Alta California, both at San Diego and at Monterey, that, therefore, this land belonged of right to Spain. He conceived the idea of equipping and sending expeditions to formally occupy and later develop this extensive territory at least as far north as Monterey. But before he would execute his plan, he would consult with his good friend, Father Junipero Serra, and ask of him advice. Father Serra immediately realized that if this territory was to be occupied for state and commercial purposes, an excellent opportunity would be presented whereby the natives might be brought within the arms of Mother Church. To him, of course, this rose as an end to be devoutly hoped for. His

great soul was fired with zeal. To hasten to these natives was the one great task of the moment and a task whose execution must not be deferred.

Accordingly, in 1769, expeditions set forth from Mexico; two by sea and two by land. Of the two by land, leaving during March of that year, one was accompanied by Father Serra, who, as the years rolled by, would come to be known as the Grand Old Padre of the Missions, and who, as his wonderful life drew to its close, would sit enthroned, in the hearts of those who knew him, as a saint.<sup>1</sup> The other land expedition was accompanied by Father Serra's old school and novice-mate, Father Crespi, whom history has since portrayed as another of the many sterling characters to be found amongst the Mission Padres.<sup>2</sup> Space does not permit, although I wish it did, that

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<sup>1</sup> Father Serra was born at Petra, Island of Majorca, Nov. 24, 1713. He entered the Franciscan Order, Sept. 14, 1730. Sept. 15, 1731, he took the final vows and at that time assumed the name of Junipero, out of love for the jovial and pure-hearted companion of St. Francis. During his noviate days he was attracted to, and became intensely interested in, the work of the Indian missionaries in Spanish America. Upon hearing of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Lower California, he and a band of brother missionaries embarked for Mexico to take up the work theretofore carried on by the exiled Jesuits. From the year of his arrival in Mexico (1749) until his departure to take charge of the Missions about to be established in Upper California (1769), he devoted most of his time to the Sierra Gorda and Texas Missions.

"He was regarded universally as a saint, and in the plan of the remarkable Missions which he founded, in maintaining and developing them, and the constant opposition of officials, in patience, serenity, endurance, and fortitude, he certainly ranks among the most remarkable men of the country." (The Church in the United States, John Gilmary Shea, page 344.)

Outside the Church, his group of admirers is constantly increasing in number and this admiration of a great man and his great deeds is expressing itself in permanent form. Mrs. Stanford, a non-Catholic admirer of Father Serra's great service to mankind, has had erected, at Monterey, a granite monument to his memory. A bronze statue of heroic size now occupies a place in Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco, a permanent tribute to the great service this good and holy priest rendered for the Indians of California. In 1884 the legislature of California passed a resolution declaring the twenty-ninth day of August of that year, the centennial of Father Serra's burial, a legal holiday. Father Serra died Aug. 28, 1784, and his body was laid to rest at San Carlos Carmelo by the side of his loving and beloved co-worker, Father Crespi. (See Cath. Encyc. Vol. XIII, page 730, Bancroft's Works, Vol. XXXIV, pages 168-176.)

<sup>2</sup> Father Crespi was a college mate of Father Serra. No account of his life appears in the Catholic Encyclopedia, except as he is here and there mentioned in connection with the history of the California Missions. He was very much attached to Father Serra to whom he gave every possible assistance in the founding of the Missions. His death occurred in 1783, his body being interred

we might travel northward with these two bands under the guidance of these zealous priests. We cannot walk with them, as, indeed, they walked, for Father Serra, true to his vow, would walk despite the cruel pain and torture of his ulcered limb. This infirmity, which so afflicted him, was the result of an injury that he had received during his previous services in the Texas and Sierra Gorda Missions. Throughout his entire life, he ever bore in mind the fact that St. Francis refused to travel except as he would walk. Walking was the poor man's mode of travel and St. Francis would be known to the history of the world as one of the poorest of God's poor. In the footsteps of the Founder, Serra, a dutiful and zealous son of the good St. Francis, would walk in spite of physical pain and suffering and in spite of any difficulty.

On the fourteenth of the following May, Father Crespi and his bedraggled band of friars and soldiers arrived at the first of their two destinations. Six weeks later they were joined by Father Serra and his companions. The way had been long,—and both bands, moving northward over different routes, had frequently encountered unfriendly savages. Their feet were scarred and torn and blistered by the stony paths and the burning sands of that semi-tropical region. The climate added its share to their other hardships, bringing sickness into their ranks,—yet, on beyond the horizon that bounded their present miseries, these two noble priests saw the light of a brighter day wherein much would be done for God and the men to whom they were going. The fires of ardor, that burned so brightly in the souls of these two missionaries, lent warmth to the hearts of the men who accompanied them and gave them strength to surmount the difficulties that had made hard their way so far. It would be useless for us to assume that we can, in any but a small way, imagine the degree of joy that thrilled the hearts of these two little bands, when, in the prairie valley that leads down to San Diego Bay, they met again. On the sixteenth of July, beneath the spreading arms of a rude cross they had erected on the bank of San Diego River and within sight of the harbor, they established and formally dedicated a small brush church as the first Mission of San Diego—the first of the now famous Missions of California.<sup>3</sup>

Before leaving Mexico, Father Serra had placed the Missions of

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at San Carlos Carmelo. He is spoken of only incidentally by Bancroft and not much more is said of him by James in his "In and Out of the Old Missions."

<sup>3</sup> (See "The Church in the United States," page 332, by John Gilmary Shea; Cath. Encey. Vol. III, page 180; Bancroft, Hubert H., Vol. XXXIV, page 184.)



California under the protection of St. Joseph. Why he should have done so, we may imagine and perhaps we may not be far wrong. Even though his zeal was the warmest, as we know it was, certainly he was not the man to underestimate the magnitude of the task that lay before him and his confreres. Undoubtedly he knew that to lay paths through the sandy wastes and the unexplored forests, over and into which they must go—to conquer the stubborn mountain passes—to thread the mountain trails and clamber through their rocky defiles—was challenge enough to test the most courageous spirit. Even though this were done, he would be standing but at the threshold of savage hearts, and, unless he made entry there, his battle that far would be in vain. It was an unknown country. He knew not the paths nor where to make them. He knew not where to find the mountain passes. He had yet to meet and know the climate and learn its hazards and how to overcome them. The savages were unknown—as were their habits, their traditions, and their religious fancies and beliefs. As he took in and catalogued the difficulties readily apparent on every hand—as he measured the task that lay before him—no doubt he felt the need of some good friend—one tried and true. Whom might he have selected better fitted to lend him assistance in this time of need than the good St. Joseph? Father Serra recalled, perhaps, to meditative mind, the Flight into Egypt, when having been bidden by the angel to flee, St. Joseph raised no question, but fled into the darkness of the night, out onto the lonesome, dangerous trails where before he had not trod or even dared to go. His was the duty to save the Mother and the Infant from the clutches of infamous hands. Since St. Joseph proved so successful on that occasion, why might he not now show to these good Friars the way? Why might he not now protect them as they would carry the Eucharistic Christ into unknown and unmapped areas? And so St. Joseph had been chosen the patron of Father Serra's "Spiritual Conquest of California."

How soon, indeed, would the good Saint be implored to show the power of his friendly intercession. The Mission at San Diego had been established and there was begun God's work on California's soil. Supplies and assistance were to have been sent from Mexico, but they had not arrived. The days went past and lengthened into weeks. The weeks became months and the months, too, were creeping on. Still there came no help. Food ran low and spirits drooped, especially among the soldiers. Ambition cooled and fervor showed abatement. There was also the ever-present danger from the savage red man and the stock of ammunition was slowly dwindling. They must return

to Mexico, said Portola, captain of the soldiers at the presidio. At last came the month of March and Portola became insistent upon departure. Again Father Serra pleaded and asked that departure be deferred until the Feast of St. Joseph. Portola consented and fixed the morning of March 20 as the date when they would commence the long, tedious overland journey back to Mexico. Father Serra began a novena to St. Joseph, enlisting the prayers of his group of Friars and such among the soldiers as he could induce to join.

Ah, what must have been the fervor and the earnestness of these nine days of prayer. The "California Spiritual Conquest" must not fail. To Father Serra, failure could not be. We are told that as the days of the novena passed, a constantly increasing devotion was apparent. The novena closed with the singing of a High Mass on the Feast of St. Joseph, but no relief had yet arrived. Preparations for departure had been steadily carried on by Portola and the soldiers. The next morning they would take up the dangerous trail toward Mexico and their homes. Then,—as the day was fast spending, and the sun was slowly sinking into his bed in the western sea—they saw a sail. It came as if from nowhere—hovered for a while, like some graceful fairy, far out at sea—and then it disappeared.

It was enough. Portola would wait. The expected departure was postponed indefinitely. Four days later a relief ship sailed blithely up into the harbor and was received amidst the greatest exultation.

"Was the vision of St. Joseph's day really the ship, or was it a miracle graciously vouchsafed in response to the prayers of faith? Pious Padre Palou, who recorded the details in his "Life of Serra," has no doubt about its being a case of heavenly intervention; and had you been through all that lonely little band of Spaniards underwent for the best part of a year, you, too, would doubtless join with them in giving God and St. Joseph credit. As for Serra, so great were his joy and gratitude, that he said High Mass in honor of the Patriarch on the nineteenth of each month thereafter until the end of his life."<sup>4</sup>

Two days prior to the establishment of San Diego Mission, Father Crespi and a newly organized band of Friars and soldiers, recruited from the two bands just reunited, had taken their departure to the north in search of Monterey, the ultimate destination of these expeditions. Out into the wide expanse of sand, on into the darkness of the unknown forests, up along the coast, they made their way. Over these long and weary miles they laid a trail where never before had the feet of white men impressed their passing form upon the virgin soil. Their only guides were the inaccurate maps and the meagre

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<sup>4</sup> (The California Padres and Their Missions, Chase and Saunders, page 11.)

and equally inaccurate descriptions left by Viscayno in memory of his visit paid to Monterey 167 years before.<sup>5</sup> We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that Father Crespi and his companions should have wandered over the very ground, climbed the self-same hills, and gazed enraptured at the wild scenery round about the Monterey that Viscayno found, without ever suspecting for a moment that they had actually accomplished the task which had been assigned to them. They were confused and uncertain as to their whereabouts—in fact they were completely lost,—yet hopeful, and with a never-failing trust in God, they wandered on and on. One hundred and twenty miles to the north, at the end of a long and arduous journey, at the close of a wearisome day, they saw, clothed in the shimmering gauze of a colorful sunset, the now world-famed Golden Gate. As this picture of triumphant Nature, bedecked in her most gorgeous raiment, burst suddenly and unexpectedly upon their vision, I wonder if these old Franciscan Friars might not have awakened the slumbering stillness of the primeval forests with the strains of their Founder's Song to Brother Sun. Through their minds there might have passed the question: "What would St. Francis have said could he have beheld this most wonderful view?" Perhaps he would have seen, raised over this western entry to our land, a dainty arch of Triumph, fashioned by the Hand of God in that evening sky. If St. Francis, lover of Nature as he was, could have reveled in that scene, he probably would have raised his voice in an anthem of praise whose majestic rythm would have lingered in the evening air to thrill the hearts of approaching ages as his Song to Brother Sun has reached from his day down to ours. Beneath this extremely delicate arch, formed out of the seaside mists and sprayed with the sunset's molten gold, it might be that, with prophetic vision, he would have foreseen the day when the peoples of the earth would make entry into our land to drink from the refreshing depths of Freedom's fount,—and others still he would

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<sup>5</sup> Estevan (also called Juan) Cabrillo, date and place of birth unknown, was a Portuguese in the naval service of Spain. In 1542, he sailed up the western coast of this country as far as Oregon. On this trip he discovered Santa Catalina, the Santa Barbara channel and Monterey. He landed at the spot where San Diego now stands, giving it the name of San Miguel. (Cath. Encyc.)

Sebastian Viscayno, navigator, was born at Huelva, Spain, about 1550. He was long prominent in Mexico. In 1602-3, he successfully explored the California coast to Lat. 42 degrees North, one of his ships going on to Lat. 43 degrees North, now included in the coast of Oregon. (Universal Encyclopedia.) It was he who changed the name of San Miguel to that of San Diego, which latter name has since designated the bay which Cabrillo called San Miguel, and on whose shore the present city of San Diego stands.



have seen passing out beneath its gilded span to tell the world of the blessings that abound in a land that even then was being conceived "in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

From this beautiful view of the Golden Gate, the Friars turned to find, spread out at their feet, the tranquil, sheltered bosom of a hitherto uncharted bay. Galvez had said to them before their departure from Mexico: "If our seraphic father, Saint Francis of Assisi, would have his name to signalize some station on these shores, let him show us a good haven." "Surely," said Father Crespi and his companions, "this must be the bay of San Francisco," and thus the bay was named.<sup>6</sup> Here—then—in the peace and quiet and solitude of the forest, on the shore of this beautiful bay, they would rest their wearied bodies and calm their anxious spirits with a night of sleep. Refreshed, they would retrace their steps and make report of what they had found.

Once more let me wander, for a moment, down the pathway of conjecture, and, knowing that this little band spent the night upon the shore of San Francisco Bay, I am moved to wonder if, as they were gently lulled to sleep by the dreamy, pensive melody of the rippling wavelets dancing their evening welcome to the Queen of Night, I wonder if some good angel came and led them in their dreams to show them where to build in later years at Sonoma, to the north, the Mission of San Francisco Solano, as the North Star of this old Franciscan Trail.

To follow Father Serra and his band of Friars, as they went about the task of establishing the various Missions, and made ready to do the great work which, afterward, they accomplished, would require more space than is available at present. It is enough to say that, as the years rolled by, all along this Franciscan Trail some 600 miles in length, twenty-one principal Missions were established, each an easy day's journey from its neighbor.<sup>7</sup> These Missions and the

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<sup>6</sup> (Bancroft's Works, Vol. XXXIV, page 722.)

<sup>7</sup> The twenty-one Missions of California are as follows:

San Diego (16 July, 1769), six miles from the present city of San Diego.

San Luis Rey (13 June, 1798), about 85 miles southeast of Los Angeles.

San Juan Capistrano (1 Nov., 1776), about 58 miles southeast of Los Angeles.

San Gabriel (8 Sept., 1771), about 8 miles northeast of Los Angeles.

San Fernando (8 Sept., 1797), about 22 miles northwest of Los Angeles.

San Buenaventura (31 March, 1782), about 83 miles northwest of Los Angeles.

Santa Barbara (4 Dec., 1786), at Santa Barbara.

little Spanish settlements near them prospered in such a way that this old Franciscan Trail became the pathway along which was moved a heavy traffic in produce and along which sped the agents of government bent upon affairs of state. It soon came to be known as *El Camino Real*,—the king's highway,—in honor of the reigning monarch. While it is true that the reigning house of Spain was much interested in the Mission work of Mexico and this great work that was going on in Alta California, yet, if it were dependent solely upon the patronage of a king that the memory of this glorious old highway should not die, the fact of its existence might soon vanish as do the names of kings. Long after the name Charles III of Spain shall have faded into the dim and indistinct past where the memories and the pens of men seldom, if ever, wander and explore, this highway will still be known to the world as the King's Highway. Ah, truly indeed, the King's Highway, for along its winding course these good and holy friars carried the Eucharistic Christ in search of souls that hitherto had known Him not. Along this highway was passing a Regal Pageant of more imposing splendor than any earthly king could summon in court procession,—this quiet progress of saintly Friars moving onward in the work of removing souls from the cold environment of barbarism. Two streams of crimson swept across this golden path to mark the spots where love and sacrifice had intertwined

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Santa Inez (17 Sept., 1804), about 25 miles northwest of Santa Barbara.  
 Purisima Concepcion (8 Dec., 1787), about 187 miles northwest of Los Angeles.

San Luis Obispo (1 Sept., 1772), about midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

San Miguel (25 July, 1797), about 273 miles northwest of Los Angeles and about 208 miles southeast of San Francisco.

San Antonio de Padua (14 July, 1771), northwest of San Miguel and about 20 miles from King's City.

Soledad (9 Oct., 1791), 4 miles from the town of Soledad.

San Carlos Carmelo (3 June, 1770), 6 miles from Monterey.

Santa Cruz (25 Sept., 1791), about 80 miles south of San Francisco.

San Juan Bautista (24 June, 1797), about straight east of Santa Cruz Mission and 6 miles from Sargent's Station.

Santa Clara (12 Jan., 1777),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from San Jose City.

San Jose (11 June, 1797), 14 miles from San Jose City.

San Francisco (9 Oct., 1776), Sixteenth and Dolores Sts., San Francisco.

San Rafael (14 Dec., 1817), at town of San Rafael (nothing left of the Mission).

San Francisco Solano (4 July, 1823), in the town of Sonoma about 43 miles north of San Francisco.

(See Cath. Encyc. Article on the California Missions; and see "In and Out of the Old Missions," by James at page 389.)

and blended—Heaven's sublime consecration of a noble work.<sup>8</sup> Countless blessings have flowed along its hallowed pavements direct from the hand of God to His Indian sons and daughters. For those who kneel in adoration before the Eucharistic Shrines, the memory and the glory and the brilliance of this highway will never dim. I fancy that as Time comes to end, and in order to save it from destruction, the Hosts of Heaven will descend, and with reverent hands lift up this trail that fell from sandaled feet and keep it forever among the treasures of Heaven in memory of a most beautiful service of men to God and as a testimony of God's love for men.

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There is a wealth of romance and an infinite number of tales of intense human interest woven into the history of the Missions. They entwine their tiny tendrils round the reader's heart and hold it fast,—as the clinging ivy holds its prize. They picture the heart throbs of a savage race whose very souls were being stirred to nobler endeavors under the gentle stimulation of God's grace so abundantly bestowed upon them. The removal of this people from the desolation of savagery to the higher plane of a Christian civilization was a mighty transition that must needs touch the heart of any one who reads the tales.

I'd love to walk with you amongst the wild-flowers that now grow where once the Padres' tame flowers grew. In the fragrance of Nature's gracious tributes to the immortal works of these good men, are borne sweet memories of those incensed hours when God gave His special blessings to the Indians gathered at night-prayers within the Mission walls. I'd love to lounge beneath the trees the Padres planted, and, as the breezes wander softly through their swinging boughs, discover, in the gentle rustling of their leaves, faint echoes of the innumerable fervent *Aves* that near 200 years ago took whispered flight from underneath the Mission arches toward Heaven's Mighty Throne.

How greatly would we prize the privilege if we could take a seat in one of the old Indian hand-made Mission chairs, placed in some quiet nook at San Diego, and laugh with Father Urbano as he would slowly and humorously relate the story of his stolen umbrella.

Into what romantic reverie might we not most gracefully fall, if, on the site of San Juan Capistrano, we could hear recounted the story of the troth of Teofilo and Magdalena—the story of the troth

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<sup>8</sup> Two of the Mission Padres died martyrs. (See Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. III, page 182.)



of the neophyte painter and his loved one—plighted in death beneath the falling roof of that old Mission when it was crumbled into ruins by an earthquake.<sup>9</sup> Such a simple thing it was that the Padre had demanded and all for Magdalena's good,—yet, there was rebellion in her heart. It was this rebellious spirit, born of pride, that must be quelled if Teofilo and she could live happily together, and, with a kindly hand Padre Josef sought to direct her into the channel of obedience. Poor Teofilo was caught in the toils of conflicting emotions: love of Padre and love of Magdalena. Must his heart be torn by conflicting loves? Could he survive the suffering? But Magdalena yielded and would perform the simple penance. Here was love and contrition and obedience blended in one simple act, rising triumphant over human impulse and human pride—rising triumphant over forces exerting every influence to prolong and strengthen disobedience. Then came the stern, relentless spell of Tragedy to lift this story of human love into the company of the classics where it might remain to more vividly portray the glory of the Padres' works. In one grave, Padre Josef buried them, for, as he said: "they were married, indeed, though in death." In the simple frescoes and in the unfinished tasks upon the Mission walls, Teofilo left the story of how freely he gave of his talents to prove his love for Holy Church. Ah, suggestive thought—he was an Indian boy.<sup>10</sup>

If it were suggested to our minds, not one of us but would hasten down the corridors of Santa Ines in search of its ancient record to read for ourselves from its soiled and Time-worn pages the story of the heroic self-sacrifice of the Indian maid Pasquala (her real name was not recorded). Over toilsome and dangerous mountain paths, requiring days and nights for this frail girl to travel, she came to warn the Padre and the Mission of impending danger. From a cruel captivity she had escaped to save the Padre who years and years before had baptized her and her dear old father and mother, long since passed to their eternal reward.

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<sup>9</sup> San Juan Capistrano was destroyed by an earthquake on Sunday morning, Dec. 8, 1812. Forty-three persons were killed and quite a number seriously injured. The demolition of this Mission occurred just as the Indian congregation had gathered for the six o'clock Mass. (In and Out of the Old Missions, George Wharton James, page 168; see also, Bancroft's Works, Vol. XXXIV, page 189.)

<sup>10</sup> This Indian boy gave back to God the talents that had been given him. It would seem that we, surrounded as we are by boundless opportunity, by luxury and comfort, might well wonder whether we are making such return as we should in exchange for all that God has given us. This tale of Teofilo is a pretty story given us by Chase and Saunders in "The California Padres and Their Missions, at page 75.

The Father, who had already given her the Sacraments, was standing by her, watching the restless fingers as they played with the coverings of the bed. Unconsciously voicing his sorrowful thoughts, he murmured, half aloud:

"Alas, it was then a true name that I gave you, for you have, indeed, laid down your life for ours, my poor Pasquala."

The wandering mind of the Indian girl caught the name, and she opened her eyes, and knew him.

"Yes, Padre," she said, thinking he had spoken to arouse her.

"Pasqualita," said the priest, taking the little hand in his, "you are truly our saviour. But for your coming to warn us, the Mission would have been burned and many of us killed. The Blessed Virgin has favored you greatly. I shall put it all down in the book, so that always people will know that it was Pasquala who saved the Mission."

"Oh, Padre," she whispered, a glow of her old child-like happiness lighting up her face, "that will be fine."

Then, after a pause, she added: "Padre, will you tell me how you will put it in the book?"

"Yes, my daughter," the priest answered, "I shall write down that Pasquala came a long journey over the mountains to warn me, and that so the Mission was preserved. Is not that right?"

"Oh, yes, Padre," she replied painfully, "but will you say that it was Pasquala, the Indian girl whom you cured?"

"Surely, I will say so," said the priest.

Again there was silence, and then she whispered once more, "Padre, will you say how the Blessed Virgin came and helped Pasquala, too?"

"Be sure I will say so, my daughter," said the Father.

Seeing how rapidly the remaining sands were running out, the Father again gave her absolution and pronounced over her the last blessing; and a few hours later Pasquala's short and troubled life was ended.<sup>11</sup>

Willingly she had given up her sweet young life that her Padre might be saved from death, and Santa Ines from destruction, at the hands of her extremely hostile, revengeful and ferocious tribe.

Oh, if we could have lingered beneath the arches of old Carmelo on that eventful evening in 1784 when Father Serra, even then in the throes of his last agony, knelt with placid courage in the flickering candle-light before its altar to receive the last Sacraments of the Church; if we could have witnessed the harrowing scene as, with tear-stained faces and voices choked by sobs, his sorrowful flock gathered round him so overcome that they could not join with him as he alone finished the singing of the "*Tantum Ergo*"; oh, if we could have stood in the midst of that grief-stricken people and looked out through their curtain of tears to see their dear old Padre calmly extend his hand in welcome to Sister Death, and, with a smile upon

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<sup>11</sup> "The California Padres and Their Missions," Chase and Saunders, p. 192.

his aged face, bid a last farewell to friends and things of earth;<sup>12</sup> if we could have seen and heard these things, then you and I might be able to measure the intensity of the love those Indians had for their Padres,—perhaps we might now realize why the memories of so many joys and sorrows still linger round the ruins of the Missions.

Ah, if the dead could retell their tales; if the old Mission walls that still are standing would reveal to us the pictures of industry and peace and devotion that once they witnessed; if the roving winds would sing for us those songs of joy and contentment that once were entrusted to their care; if the simple, bashful wild-flowers would only speak and repeat to us the words of love and encouragement they so often heard exchanged between the Padres and the Indians; then might we now know how cruel were the hands of Greed—and Lust—and Passion that rent asunder those Mission walls, tearing friend from friend, and leaving not a home where homes once stood—leaving nothing in their wake save wreck and ruin—as Intolerance and Injustice always do.<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> (See "California and Its Missions," by Helen Hunt Jackson, page 36; "The Church in the United States," by John Gilmary Shea, page 344.)

<sup>13</sup> "The Congress of Mexico passed, Nov. 20, 1833, a decree secularizing the Missions in California, without recognizing the rights of the Indian occupants, or making any provision for them. At this period the missions contained 30,650 Indians, who owned 424,000 head of cattle, 62,500 horses, 321,500 sheep, and who raised annually 122,500 bushels of grain, and manufactured large quantities of goods for export. The Indians were driven out and deprived of all their fields and stock, alike of the lands which belonged to them and the produce of their labor. In eight years the Indians dwindled by disease and starvation to 4,450. The Franciscan Fathers clung to their flocks as long as they could, the holy, devoted Father Sarria dying actually of starvation, in 1838, at the foot of the altar, as he was about to say Mass for the little remnant of his flock.

"The officials and their tools, who had kept up the hypocritical charge that the missionaries ill-treated the poor Indians, had no scruples in robbing priest and neophyte of their very means of supporting life and driving them to the grave." (The Church in the United States, page 348, by John Gilmary Shea.)

Another writer describes the process of secularization as follows:

"Why is it, when the Missions were doing so much good they were allowed to go to wrack and ruin? . . . In brief, here it is, and I refer my reader to my book on the Missions or the larger historical works of Hubert Howe Bancroft for a full and complete discussion of the subject. When the Missions were originally established it was the avowed intention of the King and his advisers that, after the Indians had been duly Christianized and trained by the Padres in the ways of civilization, they should be removed from under their care and given the rights of individual citizenship. This fact must not be forgotten, as it was the chief weapon in the hands of those who demoralized the Missions and argued that the Indians had been under the control of the Padres long enough.



Much has been written of the artistic merit of the Mission churches of California. Helen Hunt Jackson<sup>14</sup> and George Wharton

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“Here the question arises: How long does it take to elevate a degraded and heathen race from barbarism to Christian civilization? As far as I can learn it took several centuries to perform this miracle for the Anglo-Saxon race, and the job is not yet completed, . . . Yet the Padres—without the refining influence of good women—were expected to make the change among these California Indians in a few generations. They certainly worked wonders to accomplish what they did in so short a time, and the Mission buildings stand as a marvelous tribute to their power, for the main work upon all of them was done by these same savage Indians.

“After Mexico was severed from Spain, Santa Anna, the dictator, was short of money and he set the example to his followers by ‘borrowing’ the ‘Pious Fund’ for ‘governmental’ purposes, giving its holders in exchange certain bonds which were guaranteed to bear five per cent annual interest. The ‘Pious Fund’ consisted of real estate and other securities which had been donated by generous sons and daughters of Mother Church for the express purpose of aiding in the work of Christianizing the Indians of the Californias—Baja and Alta (Lower and Upper). Santa Anna failed to pay the interest promised, hence his borrowing became in reality a confiscation. Here was an elevated example for vulture politicians to follow. Professing to act upon the original intention of King Carlos that the Indians should become citizens, they passed bills in the national legislature of Mexico and in the provincial legislature of California authorizing the appointing of *comisionados* whose business it was to take over the temporal concerns of the Church from the Padres, partition the Mission lands among the Indians, and then invest the latter with all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. All this sounded well in speeches on the floors of the legislative halls, but the fine sounding phrases were but intended to tickle the ears of the people, while the plunderers (modern grafters) perpetrated their nefarious schemes. Had the thing been done honestly, as it might have been, it would have required a score of years or more to carry out the plan. . . . Here was the way the scheme of secularization actually worked. The commissioner took charge of *all* the herds of cattle, *every single* head of horses, *all* the sheep, *every single acre* of land, save and except enough for a kitchen garden for the priest. He then sold the live stock, etc., and divided the proceeds among the Indians, after having apportioned to each person or family its due proportion of the land. But there was no check kept upon his sales or the prices obtained, and herds were sacrificed or simply given away in exchange for political favors, and, as soon as the Indians came into legal possession of their lands, they were hoodwinked out of them as quickly and as skillfully as the thimble riggers and the gold-brick sellers of the city swindle the countrymen.

“The moral degeneration of the Indians was even worse than their physical and material demoralization. To get the better of them they were inducted into every kind of besotting vice, and while under these damnable influences their ruin was accomplished. There is nothing more horrible in the history of all civilization than the true story of how the Indians of California were swept with the besom of destruction down the slippery road to hell.

“But, you ask, where were the Padres while this was going on? Why did they not exercise some restraining influence over their former charges?

James,<sup>15</sup> both non-Catholic writers, have written extensively and in a very appreciative vein about the artistic design and construction of those old Mission buildings. They have joined their voices with the voices of many others in praise of the original, unique and truly

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"Therein is one of the most fearful counts in the indictment against the secularizing politicians. They absolutely deprived the Padres of all lands, all herds, all sources of income. At one stroke they threw them on their own resources. The Indians were inflamed against them by demagogues who prated to them of their long slavery and bondage and who roused their basest physical passions with unlimited *aguardiente*. Without means of support of the poorest kind, what was there left to these saddened and broken-hearted men, but to acknowledge their defeat and retire from the field?

"It will be seen, therefore, that for thirteen years prior to the military invasion of California, when Fremont, Sloat, Stockton and Kearney took possession of the country for the United States, the Missions were rapidly on the decline. When the last governor, Pio Pico, saw that the overthrow of Mexican rule in California was inevitable, he hurried to make whatever advantage he could for himself by aiding in this disreputable work. Even Mission buildings were sold for a mere song, and the small acreage that had been retained for the Church was bartered away for a mess of pottage." (Through Ramona's Country, page 285, by James.)

<sup>14</sup> Helen Hunt Jackson's name will be long remembered because of her delightful novel "Ramona." While the characters she introduces and the events she relates are pure fiction, yet the story is based very largely on fact. After having read "Ramona," the reader can do nothing better than read the explanatory volume "Through Ramona's Country," written by George Wharton James.

Mrs. Jackson has also left us a valuable volume known as "California and Its Missions." This is valuable principally as a commentary upon the history of the Missions. Careful reading will disclose that she has not always been absolutely accurate in minor historical details.

<sup>15</sup> George Wharton James, American explorer, ethnologist, lecturer and author, was born Sept. 27, 1858, at Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, England. In 1904-5 he was associate editor of *The Craftsman* and editor of *Out West*, 1912-14. He is the author of no less than 24 volumes having to do with various phases of the history of California, Colorado and Arizona and the Indian Life, industry and art in those States. Two of his works referred to in previous notes are "In and Out of the Old Missions" (1905) and "Through Ramona's Country" (1909).

Bancroft has been frequently referred to in the preceding notes. Perusal of the opening chapters of the volume referred to will convince the reader that Bancroft was not at all disposed to entertain a too sympathetic view of things Catholic. On the contrary he seems to overlook no opportunity to mention the human frailties of those Padres who had, or who he represents to have had, such frailties. Therefore the writer has felt like citing him whenever he has spoken favorably of any of the events or individuals mentioned in the above essay, because unquestionably his comment could not exceed the limit of truth.

Far more friendly are the works of Mrs. Jackson and Mr. James, and they are typical of the sentiments expressed by a gradually enlarging group of non-Catholic authors.

beautiful lines that make of those old structures real architectural masterpieces. With an equal earnestness, they have expressed their condemnation of the Mexican Act of Secularization that, passed in 1833 and applied in 1834 and 1835, robbed the Padres of their wards—took from the Indians the best friends they ever had—that, in short, worked such havoc and spread such ruin as Time and Nature could not have accomplished in a hundred years. And then,—each of these writers, in their usual friendly way, have gently chided the Catholic people of this country because they have not prevented, when they might have prevented, the further ravages which we know the elements have wrought in these magnificent works. We can appreciate the point of view these two writers had. We know the kindly sentiment that prompted such observations. In our hearts their sad lament finds sympathetic welcome. But, there is another thought that must be borne in mind. I trust that I offend neither the memory of the one nor the living, active friendship of the other, when I say that, though her priests be made the victims of persecution and her Teaching Orders be dispersed and scattered to the four points of the compass,—even though Deseccration lay his vile and destructive hand upon her altars and her stately churches be crumbled into the dust from whence they came,—the Church lives on till the end of Time as it was ordained by Christ.

As we gaze in wonder and admiration upon these historic piles of stone and adobe; while we realize that in their crumbling walls and broken arches there is ample evidence of a new and entrancing Art which should be preserved for the inspiration of coming generations; while, in some of our contemplative moods, we have seen each stone and block laid in its mortar of eternal love; yet, this we must not forget—the real—the true architectural triumphs which these good Padres achieved, and the memories of which will echo and re-echo down the never-ending reaches of Eternity, were builded by them, when, with patient hands and loving care, they moulded and remodeled the souls of countless thousands of savage Indians into those humble, modest homes where their loving Saviour might find peace and rest and quiet. They hung on the latch-strings of those unlettered souls daily invitations to the Son of God asking Him to come and sit in the warmth and glow and comfort of contrite hearts and asking Him to give, as He ever does to such good hearts, His choicest blessings in exchange for their loyal and devoted service.

Oh, ye walls of stone and adobe,—better far it be that ye should crumble into everlasting ruin and decay; that your pealing bells should tumble mute and speechless to the ground; that your lofty,



noble arches and your graceful, sweeping lines of beauty should melt into merest nothing than that ye be preserved, if, to have been preserved would mean that your beautiful contour should ever dim the eyes or chill the hearts of coming generations to what in truth is the Will of God or turn them from a proper appreciation of the lively faith and the warmth of zeal and the ever-active spirit of self-sacrifice so constantly displayed by your heroic builders. They who built you were the Padres of the Missions. They raised you out of California's soil; they shaped you into structures of surpassing beauty; they draped you with a regal splendor; all this they did that they might the more readily lead thousands upon thousands of Indian men and women and children down the King's Highway to an intimate knowledge and a fitting service of the One, True God.

*Monmouth, Illinois.*

JOHN J. RYAN.

## INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING CHICAGO'S FIRST FOUR BISHOPS

The diocese of Chicago which has now attained a world-wide reputation for outward greatness and inward strength, was singularly unfortunate in its first four bishops. Not that there was anything disorderly in their character or blameworthy in their administration. On the contrary, all four were excellent men and priests, talented to a marked degree and animated by the purest motives. Yet, they did not attain the great things their friends had confidently expected of them. Their efforts for good in Chicago were failures: but, for the most part, not through any fault of their own.

Bishop William Quarter died within a little more than four years of his episcopate.

Bishop James Oliver Van de Velde resigned his charge of the diocese within a little more than four years of his administration.

Bishop Anthony O'Regan cast off the burden within four years, less one month, after his consecration.

And Bishop James Duggan, though holding the title of Bishop of Chicago for more than forty years, was within four years of his appointment, afflicted with a derangement of the mind, that in 1869 made his removal to an asylum a necessity, and from which he never recovered.

It cannot be my purpose to discuss the vicissitudes of the diocese of Chicago during the brief period of its first four Bishops. I would but investigate at the hand of a very important, though privately printed, collection of Letters, some of the circumstances of the appointment and premature breakdown of these prelates.

The information to be submitted here is derived from the "Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence," containing letters chiefly of Francis Patrick Kenrick, selected from the Cathedral Archives of Philadelphia, and translated from the Latin, arranged and annotated by F. E. T., Philadelphia, 1920. The editor of the book is F. E. Tourcher, a noted contributor to the Philadelphia "Records." The letters are certainly authentic and correctly translated: the annotations generally hit the point. The collection may be divided into two parts, the first of which contains the letters written by various persons to Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, and the second part, the letters written by Francis Patrick Kenrick to his brother Peter Richard of St. Louis. It is a

pity that Bishop Peter Richard's part of the correspondence was lost forever or, at least, never found; yet the letters of Francis Patrick, like an ancient palimpsest, under proper treatment, reveal to the student the underlying impressions which Peter Richard's thought and sentiment made on the receptive mind of the writer. Or, to use another image, they are the mold into which all that was uppermost in the minds of the two Kenricks was cast for mutual help and edification.

The references to ecclesiastical events are not very numerous and perhaps, not highly important. Yet they are sidelights, thrown by stars of the first magnitude in the Church upon the life of some of their distinguished contemporaries.

William Quarter, the first Bishop of Chicago, was a native of King's County, Ireland, came to America in 1822, entered Mount St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore, and, after completing the course in theology, was ordained September 4, 1829. In 1844 on the tenth day of March, he, in company with the Coadjutor of New York, John McCloskey, and Andrew Byrne, the Bishop of Little Rock, was consecrated by Bishop John Hughes in the Cathedral of New York. The following passage of a letter from the Bishop Elect of Chicago to the Bishop of Philadelphia has reference to this event:

"My heart has prompted me often to write to you, since I had word of my appointment to the Episcopacy, to which dignity I unaffectedly acknowledge my great unworthiness to approach; but so often did my resolution fail, and I laid by my pen, thinking that probably it would not ultimately happen—but it appears it is so; and I can only say: 'May the Holy Will of God be done.'"<sup>1</sup>

Full of buoyant hope the Bishop set out for his see in the Far West. On May 25, 1844, he informed Bishop Kenrick of his arrival in Chicago:

"On Sunday morning, the fifth of May, my brother and myself arrived here. I said an early Mass, and preached at 10½ o'clock (o'clk). The congregation is pretty large. I suppose it numbers about 3,000, composed of Germans and Irish. The church is not finished. All the inside work remains to be done. The altar and sanctuary are only a temporary construction. During the week one of the daily papers announced my arrival, and also that I'd preach on the following Sunday. The day came, and the church was crowded to overflowing. On Ascension Thursday I conferred the holy order of Subdeaconship on Messrs. Pat McMahon and Bernard McGorisk, and at half past 10 o'clock (o'clk) Mass (yesterday) I ordained them Deacons. On next Friday I purpose to raise them to the dignity of the Priesthood. The second week after my arrival I called a meeting of the congregation to take steps towards raising some funds to finish the church. We divided the city into districts, appointed collectors, and so far the work goes on harmoniously and successfully. I published also to the congregation,

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<sup>1</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 80.



that we would commence a College for the education of boys about the first of June. The clergymen that are here, together with those I have ordained, will have charge of it, and also of the Seminary."

The eastern portion of the diocese of Chicago had until this time been a part of the diocese of Vincennes, whilst the western portion had formed an integral part of the Arch-diocese of St. Louis. In regard to the priests that had been attending the parishes and missions of Illinois, Bishop Quarter has this to say:

"De la Hailandiere of Vincennes recalled the clergymen he had here and in this vicinity before my arrival. They did not go, nor are they willing to go to him. He withdrew their faculties. I have written to him, but have not as yet received an answer."

"Your brother (Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis) acted a noble, generous, fraternal part. A letter from him was awaiting me, telling me that any of his clergymen in this diocese had his permission to remain or return. He granted them six months to decide, and after the decision, if they were returning, one year to remain in their present missions."

Bishop Quarter, nothing daunted by this stroke of adversity, set to work valiantly to organize the new diocese. At the Synod, April, 1847, there were thirty-two priests in attendance. He began building a cathedral and a Seminary, and filled out his spare hours and days with preaching and mission work. On April 10, 1848, death overtook the zealous and able prelate, in the midst of his work. "The news of the death of the Bishop of Chicago," wrote Bishop Francis Patrick, "has been a great shock to everyone. I suppose that he did not name anyone to be representative head of the diocese during the vacancy of the see, or designate the names of men (whom he considered fit), of whom one should be chosen as his successor, for it appears that there were no indications of approaching death. But I trust that the Archbishop of Baltimore will make some provision, so that the diocese may not suffer."

The choice of Rome for the succession to Bishop Quarter was the Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, James Oliver Van de Velde. The autobiographical sketch recently published in the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW,<sup>5</sup> by Father Garraghan, on the Life and Labors of the Right Rev. James Oliver Van de Velde is so clear, concise and consonant with established facts, that there would not seem to be any need of further comment or elucidation. Yet, as the Bishop was a very important figure in his day, and as his

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<sup>2</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 83.

<sup>3</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 83.

<sup>4</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 271.

premature resignation of the diocese entrusted to his care not only surprised his friends and wellwishers, but also gave occasion to genuine heart-burnings and serious disturbances, it may be of interest to sum up the various expressions of opinion and statements of pertinent facts, as contained in the letters of Francis Patrick Kenrick of Philadelphia and Baltimore to his dear brother, Peter Richard, the Archbishop of St. Louis. The first mention of James Oliver Van de Velde, as a proper person for the widowed diocese of Chicago occurs in a letter dated "The Feast of the Ascension, 1847" and is addressed "To the Archbishop Elect of St. Louis, the Bishop of Philadelphia, Greetings."

"I understand from the letter of the Archbishop of Baltimore (Samuel Eleston) who the priests are whom he has recommended to the Holy See. But I will tell you frankly what I think on the subject. I consider James Van de Velde as worthy of the first choice on account of the natural gifts and qualities of the man, and I think that his promotion is to be urged, even by the Pope's instruction, at this time particularly, in order to give this testimonial of the American Bishops in favor of the Society of Jesus so much vexed and harassed."\*

On June 1, the Bishop of Philadelphia returns to the subject:

"In the meantime I am praying for the appointment of Father Van de Velde as Bishop of Chicago; for aside from his good moral life he has piety, and he knows languages, German also (as I think), in which case he will be acceptable to the people of his own tongue."\*

Towards the end of 1848 the news arrived that Father Van de Velde, S. J., had been nominated Bishop of Chicago. In the beginning of December the Brief "freeing him from allegiance to the Society of Jesus and appointing him to the vacant see of Chicago" was placed in his hands. The humble Jesuit was reluctant to accept; but on being assured by Archbishop Kenrick that the Pope's words implied a command, Bishop Van de Velde submitted himself to the will of the Holy Father. He was consecrated by Archbishop Kenrick in the College Church at St. Louis, on February 11, 1849.

Bishop Van de Velde entered upon his new and grave duties, but he soon found them too onerous and disagreeable for a man of his shattered health and peace-loving disposition. He resigned. The Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, Cardinal Franson, wrote him a letter of encouragement and high appreciation. The Bishop then dispatched a second letter to Rome, tendering his unqualified resignation. The Sacred Congregation referred the matter

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\* ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, Vol. IX, No. 1, p. 56ss.

\* Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 277.

to the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, which assembled at Baltimore in May, 1852. But instead of accepting the Bishop's resignation, the Fathers of the Council agreed to divide Illinois into two dioceses and to make Quincy the see of the southern portion. Bishop Van de Velde now offered to accept Quincy, but was refused. It was then that the Bishop decided to go to Rome in person. Concerning this matter Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, now archbishop of Baltimore, wrote on the Vigil of Christmas, 1851:

"The Bishop of Chicago thinks there should be a new see established in the lower part of the State of Illinois."

From this it would appear that Bishop Van de Velde had no objection to the dismemberment of his diocese; yet he may have consented to it mainly in the hope of getting rid of Chicago.

In the meantime the Archbishop of St. Louis was beginning to feel the weight of years and looking around for an available coadjutor. The thought of selecting the Bishop of Chicago for this office may have been in his mind at that time, 1852. That it was in the mind of Bishop Van de Velde seems quite probable from what he states about his first interview with Pius IX: "The Holy Father seems inclined to either accept his (Van de Velde's) resignation, or at least to make him coadjutor, or Auxiliary Bishop to some other Prelate."

No name of any prelate seeking a coadjutor is mentioned here: yet the probabilities point to Archbishop Kenrick.

On November 24, 1851, Francis Patrick Kenrick had tried to dissuade his brother from taking a coadjutor, and more particularly, one that offered his services:

"There are many inconveniences connected with the assistance offered by a coadjutor, so that a Bishop may hardly be said to govern his diocese, once a coadjutor has been appointed—I believe moreover, that one who has offered himself of his own accord should never be appointed."

So far it has become clear that Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis had asked for a coadjutor, and that Bishop Van de Velde had asked the Pope among other things to appoint him coadjutor to some American Prelate. That the two lines of action had a bearing on the same coadjutorship, becomes clearer from what the Archbishop of Baltimore wrote to his brother on the Feast of the Holy Name, 1852:

"As to the question of a coadjutor, I cannot approve the plan of choosing one who is bound already to another see, just because he wishes to get away

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<sup>7</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 321.

<sup>8</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 328.



from the burden of its care. I think therefore that there should be absolutely no yielding to the aims of such a Bishop. But if you wish to make the request to have him named as your successor, in the event of any misfortune to you, I shall not oppose such a measure. The Holy See, I think, would permit him, while retaining the government of his own see, to hold the title of Coadjutor (to St. Louis) with the right of succession."<sup>9</sup>

But the Archbishop of Baltimore was plainly not in favor of such a move. As open resistance, however, was out of question, he sought to gain time and the support of others. For in the same letter he said: "I think you ought not to make known your plans to the Bishop of Chicago, until the whole affair can be made the subject of deliberation here (in the Council)."<sup>10</sup>

On October 20, 1852, the Archbishop of Baltimore sent a lengthy exposition of the new turn of affairs to his brother of St. Louis:

"You have learned that our plan did not succeed, as I think: and the Bishop of Chicago is now on his way to return to his see. The Bishop of Pittsburgh thinks that he is confident of your requesting him as coadjutor: but the Bishop of Chicago declared to the S. Congregation and to me that he would be willing to undertake the government of the District of Columbia together with the southern counties (of Maryland) under the title of Vicar Apostolic, if it were so determined. This indeed does not seem to me to be quite the right arrangement. It remains for you to decide whether it would be a better plan to ask for his appointment as your coadjutor. To find a successor (for Chicago) will be another big problem. At the suggestion of the Bishop of Pittsburgh the Bishop of Chicago recommended Edward Purcell, to whom he knew that the S. Congregation was unfavorable. My letter also written on the complaint of the Bishop of Charleston was a bar (to the recommendation), more especially because the Bishop of Pittsburgh (in his letter) spoke as representing me. Now he (the Bishop of Pittsburgh) asks me to tell the S. Congregation that I am not opposed (to Purcell), also to have you write (to Rome) *in favor of* Edward (Purcell). He thinks that this (appointment) would put an end to discord, which, in the event of another (appointment) will, he believes, end in schism. I wish you to use your own judgment in this case.

"As to the Diocese of Quincy, the priest Obermeyer is hardly the man for the place, as I see it. Though his moral life is without blame, and he is quite a stranger to the vice of money greed, he is yet a little severe, and too much attached to his own opinion. Your own Vicar General (Joseph Melcher) would, in my opinion, be preferable, though I am not unmindful that, in your judgment, he has no administrative ability.

"The Bishop of Chicago was opposed to the choice of George Carrell as Bishop of Covington. David Depareq, who was the second choice, worn with labors and years, hardly has the qualities to be desired in a bishop. Louis Senez is mentioned by the Bishop of Chicago for the see of Natchez. If this should be done, there is hardly one left for the Vicariate Apostolic of Florida; for the

<sup>9</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 325.

<sup>10</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 326.

Superiors of both candidates who have been recommended, request that neither one of them be appointed. Perhaps it would be well to give this post (Florida) to Edward Barron. It would be a tribute of honor to his good life, and provide means of support, for he is working in Columbus as a parish priest, and it is probable that he will suffer financial loss."<sup>11</sup>

This letter proves beyond a doubt that the Archbishop of St. Louis had serious thoughts of asking for Bishop Van de Velde as his coadjutor, and that Bishop Van de Velde had some sort of an understanding on the matter with the Archbishop of St. Louis. It follows, therefore that the Bishop, whom the Archbishop of Baltimore represents as offering his services to Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis as his coadjutor, was no one else but Bishop Van de Velde of Chicago. On November 18, 1852, Francis Patrick of Baltimore wrote to Peter Richard of St. Louis:

"I think the (present) Bishop of Chicago should be transferred to the see of Natchez or Natchitoches. But by no means to be made coadjutor. He lacks good judgment."<sup>12</sup>

In the meantime the resignation of Bishop Van de Velde was accepted in Rome, and the Metropolitan of St. Louis was requested to send in three names for the diocese of Chicago. For on December 14, 1852, the Archbishop of Baltimore writes:

"In reference to the choice of candidates for the see of Chicago I have nothing in writing; but the Bishop of Pittsburgh, and the Bishop of Chicago, both have told me that this is the wish of the S. Congregation. If the Bishop of Chicago is transferred to Natchez, which appears to me to be much desired, then William Elder, John Loughlin, Patrick Reilly, of Wilmington, might be proposed."<sup>13</sup>

As the Metropolitan of St. Louis hesitates to send his terna, his brother urges him on, saying:

"The Bishop of Pittsburgh thinks you ought to present the names; as the Bishop of Chicago, by the very fact of resigning the see, is hardly the one to make provision for its future government. As William Elder and Josue Young are already recommended for other sees, it would not be the proper thing to name them. Anthony O'Regan is one worthy of recommendation."<sup>14</sup>

Anthony O'Regan was at that time President of the Diocesan Seminary of St. Louis. He was placed on the list as first choice. But Bishop Van de Velde seems to have resented the action of the two Kenricks. In his letter of January 18, 1853, the Archbishop of Balti-

<sup>11</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, pp. 335 and 336.

<sup>12</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 340.

<sup>13</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 342.

<sup>14</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 347.

more rather angrily animadvert upon the course pursued by Bishop Van de Velde:

"The man from Chicago has unsettled everything, stating that the Archbishops arrange things just as they choose: that they determined upon the erection of this new diocese (Quincy) without consulting him, and recommended priests (to head the new see) without his knowledge. He moreover proposes Alton as better deserving (the honor of an episcopal city): and he also expresses the wish to have a Vicar Apostolic (for the district) with no city determined (as the seat of episcopal government), leaving it to the Vicar's judgment and experience to choose his own cathedral city."<sup>15</sup>

No doubt, Bishop Van de Velde's suggestions were wise. In fact, Alton did become the episcopal city, only to lose the honor, after three administrations, to the capital of the State, Springfield. Yet, as we have seen, Bishop Van de Velde had favored Quincy at the time of the Baltimore Council, and the Archbishop of St. Louis, as Metropolitan was fully within his competence in recommending candidates for Quincy as well as Chicago.

It seems the case of Bishop Van de Velde was still undecided at Rome.

"We ought, I think, not too readily depart from what has been done in the Council and approved. It is my judgment, that the Bishop of Chicago should be transferred to another see, preferably to Natchez. But if the Holy See does not approve this, then Joseph Melcher appears to me the most worthy of those recommended (for Natchez)."<sup>16</sup>

Joseph Melcher was then the Vicar General of St. Louis for the German portion of the Archdiocese.

As Bishop Van de Velde was transferred to Natchez on July 29, 1853, the question of filling the sees of Chicago and Quincy took on new interest.

"I am sending you documents from Rome," wrote Francis Patrick on September 10, "from which you will understand that the case of the Bishop of Chicago will be up for another consideration. They whom you recommended, had, it appears, no weight."<sup>17</sup>

And again on October 17 he writes:

"I believe that Anthony O'Regan is the best choice. There is nothing against him but a weak voice. I fear however, that the S. Congregation will go slow (in the appointment of O'Regan), by reason of the complaints made against the Irish."<sup>18</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, pp. 347ss.

<sup>16</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 348.

<sup>17</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 355.

<sup>18</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 356.



It would follow from these indications that the favorite candidate for the diocese of Chicago was Anthony O'Regan, and for that of Quincy, Joseph Melcher. Both of them were unwilling to accept the burden. Yet both were favored by Rome. Some opposition to them must, however, have been at work, as the appointment was delayed so long. An administrator, at least, was needed at Chicago to keep matters from going from bad to worse. On July 23, 1853, Joseph Melcher was appointed Bishop of Quincy and Administrator of Chicago, but he declined to accept the double burden: Hence Francis Patrick complains on October 17, 1853:

"I am at a loss to know why you did not prevail upon Joseph Melcher to accept the burden, or at least to undertake the administration of Chicago, until the Holy See gives further orders. My mind is, that he ought to be made to accept the see of Quincy. I wish, however, to know what you think of it."<sup>19</sup>

Still, Father Melcher remained obdurate. He might have accepted Quincy, but Chicago, never. Our Baltimore Prelate wrote October 20, 1853:

"As you believe it not advisable to urge Joseph Melcher too much, my mind turns to Leonard Ambrose Obermeyer, as a name to be recommended, against whom there is no objection, but his unbending rigor in habits of thought and unyielding firmness in holding to his own judgment. But I fear that he would reject an honor, that had been first offered to another. You may now ask for a coadjutor, if you know one fitted for the office."<sup>20</sup>

It was now that Archbishop Peter Richard made a change in the terna he had submitted to Rome for Chicago, upon which his brother animadverted as follows, on December 30, 1853:

"I am sorry to see that you have changed your choice of candidates. Anthony O'Regan has qualities for a Bishop. He should have retained the place of first choice."<sup>21</sup>

Still, Anthony O'Regan received the appointment for Chicago; yet like Joseph Melcher, declined the honor.

"I am sorry," wrote Francis Patrick on March 14, 1854, "that Anthony O'Regan refuses to bear the burden. I think that you ought to send James Duggan to the city of Chicago without delay, giving him the title and the authority of Administrator in accordance with the Pope's brief, of which I hope you have received a copy."<sup>22</sup>

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<sup>19</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 357.

<sup>20</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 358.

<sup>21</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 362.

<sup>22</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 364.

The Archbishop of St. Louis accordingly sent James Duggan, his Vicar General, to Chicago as Administrator of the diocese.

"I confidently expect," wrote Francis Patrick, "that the Holy See will soon name a Bishop for Chicago, and prevent further evils by longer delay."<sup>23</sup>

Bishop Elect Anthony O'Regan yielded at last to the persuasions and remonstrances of his friends, and allowed himself to be consecrated on July 25, 1854, in the Cathedral of St. Louis. At Chicago, he also assumed the administration of what was set apart for the new diocese of Quincy. This arrangement continued until January 9, 1857, when the city of Alton became the see, instead of Quincy, and received its first Bishop in the person of Henry Damian Juncker.

Now the question of a coadjutor for St. Louis demanded a solution. Here is what Francis Patrick wrote on Palm Sunday, 1854:

"The Bishop of Buffalo (Timon) thinks as I do, that you ought not to ask for a coadjutor: for usually he (a coadjutor) is more in the way of a bar, than a help, and readily offends in the reverence due to a Bishop. However, if you will not give up your design, then choose one whom you know well, and who is in disposition not out of harmony with yourself. Do not, in a choice of such moment, trust to the recommendations of others. It will have a bearing on the peace and tranquility of all that remains to you of the years of life."<sup>24</sup>

Archbishop Kenrick, on January 9, 1857, received what he had so persistently sought: Father James Duggan was appointed as coadjutor, and consecrated by him under the title of Bishop of Antigone, May 3, 1857. His satisfaction, however, was not to be of long duration. The Bishop of Chicago, Anthony O'Regan, left no stone unturned to effect his release from what had proved to be an unbearable burden. Both the Kenricks begged him to be patient and to await better times, yet all in vain. It was, therefore, the part of prudence to prepare for the emergency.

"I advise you therefore," wrote Francis Patrick to his brother, on May 9, 1858, "if you get news of the resignation of the Bishop of Chicago, to call a Provincial Synod at once, to present names of priests for the see, and to consider other problems, things needful and fitting. . . . If you recommend priests of known good qualities and put together a few simple and clear decrees, the Holy See will approve with very little delay. This matter is urgent, so as not to let the diocese of Chicago go headlong to ruin."<sup>25</sup>

The Provincial Council, the second and last one ever held in St. Louis, was convened in the month of December, 1858, about two

<sup>23</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 365.

<sup>24</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 368.

<sup>25</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 412.

months after Bishop O'Regan's resignation had been accepted. The Coadjutor-Bishop of St. Louis, James Duggan, attended it in his quality of Administrator of Chicago. His name was placed before Rome in the usual terna, and in due time he was nominated Bishop of the Diocese of Northern Illinois. Archbishop Francis Patrick wrote on July 4, 1858:

"I hope that your Coadjutor may get things in order soon in Chicago. All good men are deploring the wounds of that church. While the see is vacant, these wounds are readily made to bleed again."<sup>26</sup>

What was the outcome of his administration, is well known to all students of the history of the Church in America.

These few hints as to the secret springs of action and the intertwining play of likes and dislikes, of enthusiasms and discouragements, of noble sternness and yielding grace, reveal to us, if we did not realize it before, that our best and greatest were human, as well as we; but of a humanity that rested for its strength and nobility upon the living principles of their Christian Faith, which had become one with their character and inseparable from it. And as the failings of human nature do not destroy, or even obscure, the nobleness of the character which they beset, so these human, perhaps all too human, manifestations can in no wise affect the beauty of holiness of the Church which the Savior himself holds, as the Apostle of the Gentiles, says,

*"Ecclesiam sibi acceptabilem,  
non habentem maculam aut rugam."*<sup>27</sup>

St. Louis.

JOHN ROTHENSTEINER.

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<sup>26</sup> Kenrick-Frenaye Correspondence, p. 469.

<sup>27</sup> Ephesians 5: 17.



## IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE BARBARY CORSAIRS

One of the most humiliating and embarrassing situations that confronted our infant republic after the American Revolution, was the insolence and barbarity exhibited by a nest of outlawed kingdoms on the north coast of Africa. It was exasperating to the statesmen of our young nation, because the United States had not a single sea-worthy ship in its navy, nor was the country financially able to afford protection to its citizens' rights, and hence we were forced for some years to endure the mortification of paying tribute.

The merchant ships of every nation stood in constant danger of treacherous attacks from these ravaging, wolfish, African pirates. One is forced to recall the chivalrous days of the Knights of Malta or St. John, whose chief duty by sea and by land, as courageous Chevaliers of the Cross, was to protect Christendom against the terrific onslaughts and the horrible scourges of these hungry and filthy desperadoes.

Every nation that had trade in the Mediterranean was obliged frequently to expend large sums of money, or they would incur the enmity of the Barbary sovereigns, who would seize cargoes, capture defenseless crews, and place them in slavery. For centuries swarms of these corsairs had infested the Mediterranean Sea. No merchant vessel was safe from their ravages after it passed the Pillars of Hercules. It seems strange that no European nations, nor even England alone, who regarded herself as mistress of the seas, were in a position to put an end to the encroachments, that kept all vessels plying these waters in constant dread of piratical attacks. The monarchs along the Barbary Coast were in fact the real masters of the Mediterranean, and no nation could sail this inland sea without a treaty of peace, or at least a document of approval, and the periodic exaction of tribute.

In 1788 France agreed for a period of fifty years to pay two hundred thousand dollars annually to Algiers. Spain enriched that same country's treasury by contributing between three and five million dollars. Proud England, it is thought, was at this same time presenting an annual gift to the Emperor of Morocco of nearly three hundred thousand dollars so as to avoid annoyance.

After the Declaration of Independence, America lost the protection and support of the mother country, and having no longer any safeguards to our commerce, our diplomats endeavored to negotiate for a

treaty with France, but failed. King Louis XVI, however, had promised in 1778 "to employ his good offices and interposition in order to provide as fully and as efficaciously as possible for the benefit, conveniency, and safety of the United States against the princes and the States of Barbary or their subjects."

In 1785 direct negotiations were opened, when John Adams visited the ambassador of Tripoli, who presented to the American envoy the following announcement: "Turkey, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco are the sovereigns of the Mediterranean; no nation can navigate that sea without a treaty of peace with them." The ultimatum to the United States demanded thirty thousand guineas and a personal compensation of nearly fifteen thousand dollars in his capacity as agent. To secure peace with all these states, over one million dollars were necessary, which the United States could ill afford, as Congress had only appropriated eighty thousand dollars for this purpose. Other attempts to reach an agreement with the Emperor of Morocco and the Dey of Algiers came to nothing. This country was placed in the awkward predicament, which daily became more and more embarrassing, as action by the government was delayed. Finally, the unreasonable attitude of the Barbary States made itself strikingly manifest by open and brazen acts of hostility to American shipping and commerce. Seizures of goods, painful captivity of crews, and prolonged slavery of American citizens were the shameful results.

Warning of the movements of some vessels of Algiers on an expedition of piracy, was contained in a letter from a gentleman in Bilboa to a merchant at Cape Ann dated August 10, 1785. It reads as follows:

"We find that five Algerine privateers (now at peace with us) have stationed their cruise from Cape St. Vincent to Cape St. Mary; therefore please to advertise in the newspapers this disagreeable circumstance, that the masters bound for this port may avoid those pirates, by altering their navigation to the northward of Cape Ortelal."

During the month of August information came to hand that war had been declared against the United States. A letter from L'Orient dated August 5, 1785, states:

"We heard a few days ago that the Algerines have declared war against the United States of America; the enclosed translation is a faithful copy of an authentic letter wrote to our Consuls on that subject, and by them communicated to us. Please to advise thereof any of your friends concerned in the shipping trade. We do not

doubt Congress will soon adopt some vigorous measure to quell those troublesome pirates."

Then follows a copy of a letter from the Consul of Nantz to the Consul of L'Orient:

"Gentlemen: We annex to this the copy of a letter that we have just received from M. de Soulange, by which he informs us that the Algerines have declared war against the United States of America, and that they are fitting out eight ships to take the American vessels. We request of you, Gentlemen, to impart this knowledge to the captains of that nation who may now be in your harbor, in order for them to take some measures as to avoid falling into the hands of those pirates.

"We have the honor to be, etc."

M. de Soulange replied to the Consul at Nantz by letter dated at Toulon July 14, 1785:

"Gentlemen: Commodore de Ligonde who arrived from Algiers, on board the *Minerva* frigate of which he has the command, has brought me intelligence that said State was fitting out eight ships, both xebecs and barques, from eighteen to thirty-six guns, designed to cruise from Cape St. Vincent to the Western Islands, in order to take the Americans, against whom they have declared war. I sent you immediate advice thereof, gentlemen, both for your own interest and to request you will instantly give advice to the American captains.

"The Algerines have another division of four vessels but too small to occasion any uneasiness.

"I am, etc."

About two weeks after these warnings, August 27, 1785, Mr. Richard Harrison, Consul for the United States at Cadiz, received the following letter from three American captains, forwarded to him by the British Consul:

"Sir: We, the subjects of the United States of America, have had the misfortune to be captured by the Algerines, and brought into this port, and made slaves of; we were stripped of all wearing apparel, and brought to a state of bondage and misery. The severities we endure are beyond your imagination. The British Consul, Charles Logil, Esq., has taken us to his house. We hope you will take our grievances into consideration, and make some extra provision for us; for no man can exist on the provisions which are dealt out by the King of this place, who may truly be called the King of Cruelties. Inform Congress and the different states of our situation. All nations, who have subjects in the hands of those infidels, exert themselves to relieve them—and white captives make them some extra allowance. We hope you will write to the British Consul on this head, he will give you every information respecting us, and how matters may be accommodated with America. If we do not make some terms, our trade will be ruined. The Algerines are at present fitting out cruisers with all possible expedition. Two will cruise off the Western Isles, and the rest off Portugal.



"*Americans beware!* lest nothing tempt you to come in the way of these people, for they are worse than can be imagined. The ship *Dauphin*, Richard Obryan, commander, belonging to Messrs. Matthew and Thomas Irwin of Philadelphia, was taken on the thirtieth of July, eight leagues to the Northwest of St. Ubes, and the schooner *Maria*, Richard Stephens, master, owned by Messrs. William Foster & Co. of Boston, and consigned to you at Cadiz, was taken on the twenty-fourth of July. We Americans were twenty-one in number. Captain Obryan's crew were sent to the marine, where they experience all the misery of slavery. Captain Stephen's crew are at the King's house.

"The Spaniards have made peace with those people; in consequence of which, they will be all over the Atlantic. They talk of ransoming us as high as from four hundred pounds to six hundred pound sterling. However you, perhaps, may know our price, and the customs of these heathens in that particular, better than we do.

"We hope you will write to Charles Logil, Esq., and to us miserable sufferers, and advertise our situation to our brethren in America.

"RICHARD OBRYAN,  
ISAAC STEPHENS,  
ZACCARIAH COFFIN."

After the captives had been taken, fuller information came to hand from Malaga "that a settee of three masts had arrived there about the sixth of January last from Algiers; the captain of which, Robert Norrie, reports that he had frequently been in company with the American slaves—that the captains lodge with a Genoese watchmaker, and have a table to themselves, though a small iron ring is fixed on one of their legs to denote that they are held in slavery. The sailors have been taught and are obliged to work at the various trades of carpenter, joiner, blacksmith, stone-mason, and sail-maker, from six o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, without intermission, except half an hour that is allowed them at dinner time—each man's allowance per day is two small loaves of bread, which weigh about fifteen ounces. The Spanish Consul, from a principle of humanity, pays to each also four pence sterling per day. A common rug or blanket is given them to wrap themselves up in when they go to rest—but they are in daily expectation of being relieved by their countrymen. When favors are to be granted, preference is given to the Americans by the General of Marine, or the general who commands all the slaves. The boys act as servants and waiters to the Dey, and are clothed in livery. The captains are paroled by the Spanish Consul, who in case of an escape, has generously bound himself in the penalty of five hundred and sixty pounds sterling.

"The following account of their treatment, together with a list of the American slaves at Algieries, was communicated at Malaga by John Lagerhalm, in the month of September, 1786. (This Lagerholm, it seems, was mate of the brig *Betsy*, Captain Irvin, of Philadelphia, taken in October 1784 by a cruiser belong-

ing to the Emperor of Morocco, and cleared by the Swedish Ambassador on July 1, 1785, and now commands a vessel in the Mediterranean, manned with Algerines, and partly owned by a merchant in Gibraltar.)

"The captains live in a French house, and are well used—the people work very hard, and remain at nights in a house prepared for them and all other slaves, which is well guarded. The latter wear an iron ring about their leg—the former are well clothed, and wear likewise an iron about their legs, but much smaller than the others.

"The ship *Dolphin* of Philadelphia was taken by an Algerine cruiser, on the third of July, 1786, and the crew carried into slavery on the fourteenth of the same month. Richard Obryan, master; Andrew Montgomery, mate; Charles Caldwell, carpenter, six foremast men and a boy. Passengers aboard the above ship, Captain Isaiah Coffin, William Patterson, a cooper; Miller, a sailor; James Hull, a boy. Taken on board the schooner *Maria* of Boston: Isaac Stephens, master; Alexander Foresight, mate; four men before the mast whose names are not recollected.

"What, observes the correspondent, must be the feelings of those unfortunate Americans, when they shall be informed that the very hands from which they so anxiously expect relief, have ever since the peace been employed in equipping vessels, armed with the instruments of death, and loaded, among their other articles, with the *badges* and *insignias* of slavery, to deprive the poor, unhappy Africans of their liberty? Blush O ye *Bostonians* and *Pennsylvanians* for your degenerate sons, who have thus embarked in this monstrous and abominable trade and traffic! Blush also for yourselves, because you have long beheld the wicked practice, without making the least effort to prevent it. There is no difference between *permitting* it to be done in your harbors and the actual *doing* it yourselves. The equipment of vessels, in your own ports, by your own subjects, for the open and avowed purpose of enslaving their fellow men, bears ample proof of your sanction and approbation, and the stigma will be fixed on you as a people, not on the individuals who are immediately engaged in the business for pecuniary motives."

The Americans were not the only people who were ill-treated by the corsairs. We have evidence that every nation had reason for alarm, for these pirates respected no flag except the British. Information from persons in neighboring ports showed that the plundering activities were intensified towards the close of 1785. A letter from Gibraltar dated Nov. 1, 1785, states:

"We have accounts from Algiers by a Dutch sloop, lately arrived in the Bay, that the Dey, notwithstanding the truce concluded with the Spaniards, is equipping the largest naval force ever sent into the Mediterranean by any of the Barbary powers; they talk of twenty ships from forty-four to thirty guns, exclusive of others, but for what purpose is uncertain, though their old trade of *marauding* is doubtless the chief."

Another letter from Gibraltar, dated November 14, shows by concrete examples that the intention of piracy prompted these Algerine desperadoes:

“The Mediterranean swarms with Algerine Corsairs, who are now become very alarming to the nations bordering on those seas, as they pay no regard to the flag of any country, but take and plunder vessels of every nation that fall in their way, except the British, to whom they are partial. They have very lately captured several ships belonging to the Portuguese, who have turned out very valuable prizes to them; they have also taken a large ship from Cadiz to Carthage, loaded with all kinds of naval stores, and sent the crew into slavery. This capture causes great uneasiness amongst the Spanish merchants, who are now obliged to have convoys with ships of a considerable value, notwithstanding the peace so lately concluded between that Kingdom and the Dey of Algiers.”

An episode that occurred at Madeira is related by Lamar, Hill, Bisset & Co., of that place, to a merchant in Philadelphia. The letter, dated September 5, 1785, states:

“Yesterday morning a Moorish cruiser anchored in this road, and saluted the fort with two guns; she seems to be full of men, and carries about ten guns. The captain and some officers waited on the Governor, who gave them a polite invitation. While they were sitting at the Governor’s table, the brig *Richmond* came to anchor before the castle windows, and hoisted the American colors.

“R. L. Bisset, who was present, observed the Moor’s eye fixed on that object with solicitude in his countenance, and that the manner of expressing himself to his officers indicated no small disappointment.

“They threw out in conversation that they are not at war with the Americans, but were ordered out by the Emperor of Morocco, for their improvement in navigation and particularly to anchor at Madeira, and obtain the Governor’s certificate that they had all accordingly touched here.”

Even the British were not immune when the dignity of Emperor of Morocco was offended. The following news was received from Tangier about the middle of May:

“We learn that the affairs of England are taking a more favorable turn there. The Emperor of Morocco, offended at hearing nothing from Lord Paine, who left Tangier about eight months since, and at nothing being done towards carrying his proposition into effect, and receiving no reply to his letter to the King of England, written last August, was determined to give a public proof of his resentment; and in consequence, on the sixth of February, an order arrived at Tangier, augmenting the duties upon all provisions exported by the English, in contradiction to the treaty of the fourteenth of July, 1784, executed by Sir Roger Curtis in the name of Great Britain. The English pro-consul, Mr. Duff, absolutely refused payment of the additional duties, and by the direction of the Governor of Gibraltar, caused a representation to be made to the Emperor, that a perseverance in these demands would be equivalent to a formal declaration of war, and that if they were not relinquished a rupture would inevitably ensue. The Pasha had received orders from his master to suspend the execution of those formerly transmitted him, till he shall have given an answer to the British Vice-Consul. From these last orders, it is conjectured that the Emperor is desirous of a reconciliation with England.”



Almost a year elapsed, the three captains and their crews were still in captivity and slavery. Finally Captain Obryan wrote a letter to his ship's owner in the city of Philadelphia. On June 22, 1786, he states:

"I have written several letters to you from Algiers informing you of my captivity; I have now to inform you that on the twentieth of March, a Mr. Lamb from America, via Spain, arrived in this city: his business was to treat for a peace, and redeem us unfortunate American prisoners, being twenty-one in number, but succeeded in neither.

"He has neglected making the necessary inquiries respecting the method generally made use of in the redemption of men in our unfortunate situation; but on his arrival in Algiers gave out that he came to redeem the American captives, which was immediately signified to the Dey, who, conceiving from the report, that he had brought money for the purpose, asked Mr. Lamb what he would give for them. Mr. Lamb offered ten thousand dollars; the Dey then raised his price to fifty thousand, that is six thousand for a master of a ship, four thousand for a mate, and fifteen hundred for a common seaman. Mr. Lamb endeavored to prevail on the Dey to abate his demand, but with little success, he only lowering it eighteen hundred dollars. Mr. Lamb signified to the Dey that he would procure the money and return with in it four months, and departed from Algiers on the twenty-fifth of April, for Spain. How far he may comply with his promise, time only can determine.

"The foundation of a treaty, or indeed any business to be transacted with the Algerines, should be entrusted to some faithful persons, and of abilities, and such as are acquainted with their language, manners and policy. I have reason to believe, that although the Dey refused to enter into a treaty of peace with Mr. Lamb, yet before his departure he had assurance that the Dey would enter into such a treaty with the United States; but policy requires that it should be done cautiously and perhaps privately; it would no doubt cost the States a great sum of money, but consider what it cost the Spaniards to procure their peace.

"We should most certainly exert ourselves to obtain a peace with this regency; the Algerines are very sensible of our separation from Great Britain; they likewise know that we are far off them, nor do they expect to take any of our ships, unless they find us within the Straits, or off Spain or Portugal.

"The Algerine marine strength is not great; they have ten sail of cruisers only, with xebecs viz: one of thirty-two, one of twenty, two of sixteen, and one of twelve guns, they are all very small vessels considering their weight of metal; they have fifty-five gun boats to defend the city in case of an attack by sea.

"There is no fear of meeting any Algerines on your side of the forty-second north latitude. I believe the British make the danger appear greater than it really is, by which means the American bottoms are insured at a very high rate. The British Consul treats us Americans very contemptuously, much to the discredit of his character. He is a very inveterate enemy to the Americans; he informed the Dey that the vessel in which Mr. Lamb came passenger to this place was American property, by which she was greatly exposed; but by the prevalent interposition of the Comte d'Espilly (the Spanish Consul) the head man of the marine department signified to the Dey that the information was false. When Mr. Lamb was in Algiers, his intimacy with the British Consul was very obvious; indeed he ought to have avoided him as an American would

have avoided Algiers. I am very sure that Mr. Lamb might have laid the foundation of a treaty; but believe me, Sir, if that business is still entrusted to him, it will cost some thousands more than if it was in the hands of a qualified statesman. The Dey is a very old man; and no doubt when he goes to his dear prophet, there will be a great change in the affairs of Algiers; there ought, therefore, to be a particular attention paid to those persons who have the Dey's ear to command, as they in all probability will have a considerable share in the Algerine politics after the Dey's death. You have no idea how much they will be courted by every Christian nation; what large presents of warlike stores they are daily making him—this is not occasioned by love but fear.

“Their head minister and director of the marine, that is, the Michlasha, should be well noticed, he is the third in rank next to the King; he is a valuable good man, and fills his office as well as any man can do, and treats the Americans with much civility. We have lived at the house of a worthy French merchant since December last, and have been treated with great politeness; we are under many obligations of gratitude to the Count d'Espilly, he is both the friend and protector of the unfortunate Americans. The French and Swedish Consuls, as also a number of French merchants, pay great attention to us. I am convinced that the British will oppose the treaty between the United States and the regency. They, the British, will reap the advantage in several ways; one way is, by being the carriers of our produce. I am inclined to think it would not be agreeable to the French to see us have a very extensive trade in the Mediterranean. If the Americans wish to be a flourishing commercial people, they must remove every apparent obstacle; nor can they possibly succeed until the great commercial machine be put together and directed in some measure by one good set of politics.

“Any nation that has people to redeem, peace to make, or indeed if they have anything else to do with this people, they must have money! Money is their god and Mohammed their prophet. If you give a Turk money with the one hand, you must take out one of his eyes with the other.

“The city of Algiers is built on the side of a hill and is strongly fortified and garrisoned. There are nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, to wit: one thousand Turks, twelve thousands Moors, sixteen thousand Jews and about four thousand Christian slaves of all nations in Christendom. The Turks are brave and civil, no one can be a soldier in the regency but Turks; Moors are not trusted, being a dastardly people. I consider the Turks a very ferocious but not by any means such a wicked set of men as they have been generally held up to be. You need not believe me to be clear of Algiers until you see me, or have my letter to such effect.”

An indignant New Yorker signing himself American, his soul harrowed by the embarrassing delays of Congress, and the melancholy accounts of the captivity and slavery of these countrymen in Algiers, expresses also the wrath and dismay that filled the breasts of all citizens in this land when they learned the facts of these awful acts of piracy on the high seas and the ransom demanded by the Barbary Corsairs. An excerpt of his letter is as follows:

“I cannot but think a great error has been committed by our rulers, in delaying to settle national points of such importance, till this moment, with the

predatory piratical states of Barbary, more dangerous to be at outs with than any crowned head in Europe. The Dey is an absolute monarch by assumption, to all intents and purposes, and preys at pleasure on the ships of all nations, except the British, whom he finds it his best interest to keep in with. The proximity of his capital to Gibraltar causes reciprocal intercourse and mutual acts of kindness especially advantageous, and without which neither could long preserve their power. A British Consul will never solicit favor (at the risk of his commission) for an American slave at Algiers, depend upon it. The Indians say there is sometimes a necessity of holding a candle to the Devil, that he may not hurt them. All the European powers court the favor of this Algerine monster and pest of the world, when it would be more noble and magnanimous in uniting their powers to sweep them, with besome of restruction, until they had extirpated those lawless banditti from the face of the earth. The time may come when they might see the indispensable necessity of doing so, and I hope it is not very far off. However, for the present, it would not be in the least degrading to imitate the temporizing disposition of those old experienced nations. The haughty Dey is no doubt extremely disgusted that Congress did not immediately send an official messenger to his court; and in their wonted wisdom it ought to have been done, and this step would have prevented all the ill consequences the omission has occasioned. Better late than never; and the speedier they do so, the happier it will be for their country. The martial prowess of Algerines, none can doubt; convincing proofs without number can be given, that they fight more like devils than human creatures. They have nothing else to depend on, and therefore the whole nation are warriors. The Dey may now expect a large sum for the ransom of our people, but he will miss his aim, for we have it not to gorge his voracious appetite with; however a large dole of well-seasoned flattery may, perhaps, prove a specific substitute in the place of mammon.

The Dey has been heard to speak in raptures of the warlike feats of brave Americans; and as he never expected to behold the renowned General, he wished to see his glorious picture; and said that should Congress think proper to favor him with a just portrait, at full length of his Excellency General Washington, it should be received with joy and hung in the royal palace of Algiers. Let him have it by all means as quick as possible, and who knows but this very picture alone may inspire him with virtue and humanity, disarm him of malice, and restore peace more effectual and permanent than a ton of gold, which we have not got to stuff him with. Could Congress but condescend for once to temporize and at this crisis, necessity would fully justify it, they well know (when they set about it) how to make reasonable apologies for the long delay of courting the friendship of the Dey. The matchless records of Congress are sufficient proof of their wisdom. We may expect swarms of xebecs on our coasts, if peace be not speedily made with them; when every vessel must fall a prey into their hands, as we have no public ships of war to oppose them, and it would not be an object for privateers; for should any of their vessels be captured, nothing would be got but dirt, lice, and stinking two-legged livestock, good for nothing but their skins, which, being already well tanned, may make everlasting drum heads and very pretty slippers for gentlemen."

Congress no doubt became active. The growing feeling of uneasiness on all sides had its effect because proposals were again made early in 1786 through American diplomatic representatives, with the result



that peace was finally declared with the Emperor of Morocco. On July 24 of that year a treaty with the Barbary States was signed and the provisions of the same communicated to Congress. The terms of that peace were as follows:

“In the name of God! Mohamet, Ben-Abdala! Most illustrious Congress of America! We have received your letter by the hands of your Ambassador, and perused its contents with all due attention. We have remarked therein, the inclination you express of concluding with us a treaty of peace. To this we willingly have assented; and even ratified the plan, such as you have proposed, by setting thereto our imperial seal. Wherefore, we have from that moment, given strict command to the captains of our ports, to protect, and assist all ships under American colors, and, in short, to shew them every favor due to the most friendly powers: being fully determined to do much, when an opportunity offers. We write this in full testimony of our sincere friendship, and of the peace which we offer on our part.

“Given the twentieth day of the Ramadan, in the year of the Hegira, 1200, that is the twenty-fourth of July, 1786.

“The following are the heads of the treaty of peace concluded betwixt the Americans and the Emperor of Morocco July 24, 1786:

“If the Americans are at war with any other nation, their vessels are to be allowed to take refuge in any of the ports belonging to his Imperial Majesty—all Moorish subjects, found on board the enemy’s ships to be made prisoners, and their effects considered as prizes; the same article holds with regard to the Americans—the ships belonging to the two contracting powers, when they meet at sea, to salute and parley, but not to come on board of each other. In case of war, it is lawful to board each other, but only two men to do this, and if they commit any excess, the sufferers to be recompensed by them. If any frigates or cruisers belonging to his Moorish Majesty take an American vessel, and bring it into one of his ports, his Majesty will immediately release the ship and crew, and restore their effects . . . when any of his Majesty’s ships enter an American port, she is to be hospitably received, and furnished with what she may stand in need of . . . if an American ship wants repairs, and comes into any of his Majesty’s harbors for that purpose, it shall be allowed her to land, and to put on board again her goods, without paying any duty . . . If an American vessel is wrecked on any coast belonging to the Emperor of Morocco she is not to be molested in any manner, but provided with necessaries . . . American vessels in the harbors, or on the coast belonging to his Imperial Majesty, to be secure from other nations, and receive every assistance from Moorish subjects.

“This article extends, vice versa, to Moorish ships in the harbors or coasts of America. In case of war, if the vessels of the two contending powers happen to be together in any of his Majesty’s harbors, they are to depart one by one, at twenty-four hours’ interval between the time of each departure; this article extends to the Moorish ships in America . . . The prisoners of an American ship arriving at any harbor belonging to his Imperial Majesty, cannot be given up to any power whatever . . . American vessels, saluting towns, belonging to his Imperial Majesty, to have the salute returned by the same number of guns. American merchants settling in any of the ports belonging to his Imperial Majesty, to enjoy the same privileges and advantages as other nations, and can

trade from one port to another, without being detained for quarantine, and to be allowed interpreters. In case of war between the two nations, they are to exchange their prisoners of war, man for man—American merchants not to be obliged to purchase merchandise contrary to their pleasure, not to be molested in the disposal of their goods—when the goods are landed they are to be examined, that the usual duties may be imposed; but in case of fraud or contraband goods, the person committing the fraud only to be punished, without a confiscation of the ship . . . masters of ships not obliged to carry their goods from one port to another, without their will, notwithstanding the price offered and agreed upon . . . Americans guilty of crimes, to be subject to the judgment of their own Consul only. If he requires assistance from the governor of the place it is to be granted him; if he cannot determine the case, the criminal is to be sent to America . . . An American injuring or assaulting a subject of his Imperial Majesty may be imprisoned by the Governor, who is to sit in judgment upon him, but in the presence of the Consul, who is allowed to plead his cause. If the prisoner makes his escape, the Consul is not answerable. If an American subject dies in his Imperial Majesty's dominions his effects are to be sent to the Consul, or trading company, to be surrendered to the heirs claiming the same. The American Consul is to reside in one of the ports belonging to his Imperial Majesty, and considered as other Consuls. In case of a disagreement between the two contracting parties, the peace to remain until the matter is determined; if war is resolved on, arms are not to be taken up before nine months after the determination, in order to give the subjects of both nations time to depart quietly with their effects . . . If his Imperial Majesty thinks proper to grant any privileges to other nations, the same are to be extended to the Americans. The peace between the two nations is to last fifty years, from the present twentieth of the Ramadan, year of the Hegira 1200; that is July 24, 1786."

Solemn and comprehensive as this treaty appeared, the stipulations of the contract were not adhered to very long by the Emperor of Morocco for the following letter was sent by his Imperial Majesty to the several Consuls resident at Tangier and was delivered to each of them by the Pasha of Tangier on the first day of June, 1788:

"In the name of God—there is no power nor strength but in God.

"To all the Consuls resident at Tangier; peace be to those who follow the right way.

"By these you are to know, that we are in peace and friendship with all the Christian powers, until the month of May of the year 1203, answering to the year 1789; and such nations who are then desirous to continue in peace and friendship with us, must when the said month of May comes, write us a letter, to let us know that they are in peace and friendship with us, and then we shall do the same with them; and if any of those Christian nations desire to go to war with us, they shall let us know it by the above-mentioned month of May—and we trust that God will keep us in his protection against them. And thus I have said all I have to say.

"The second of the month Schabar, 1202, being seventh of May, 1788."

Shortly after this warning of the Emperor of Morocco was sent, his Majesty's secretary, Francisco Chiappe, wrote a letter to all the

Consuls resident at Tangier, which was delivered to them at the Castle by Basha of Tangier on the first of June, 1788. It contained the following message:

“His Imperial Majesty whom God has in his holy keeping, has commended me to make it known to you, that he is not at war with any nation whatsoever; and that he will send ten galiots and eight galleys into the Streights; part of them to be stationed at Algeziras, and another part of Tangier and Tetuan, in order by that means, to keep master of the Streights; and the prizes they shall make of them shall be burnt, together with their cargoes, and the crews put in chains. His Imperial Majesty will also send his frigates to America, provided with European pilots, and if they make any prizes, they shall be dealt with as above mentioned, as his Imperial Majesty stands in no want of money or any worldly effects; and he trusts that God will make him conqueror. I have the honor to be, your humble servant,

“F. CHIAPPE, *Secretary of the Foreign Department.*

“Morocco, May 9, 1788.”

American shipping was again at the mercy of the Corsairs. A letter from a master of a ship to a gentleman in Philadelphia dated Cadiz, August 9, 1789, states:

“I cannot close this without relating to you the impediment I met with in my passage from England to the Algerine cruisers. The first I met with near the rock of Lisbon, who after a strict scrutiny of my pass, and some detention, permitted me to proceed. The next I fell in with off Cape St. Vincent, a large ship then in company with me drew the attention of the Algerine xebec, who dispatched her boat after me, and pursued the ship. Fortunately a breeze sprang up that gave me the advantage of the boat, who declined the chase, and joined the xebec, who by this time had commenced a running fight with the ship, that was obliged to take shelter under a Spanish fort, and I fell in with one off Cape St. Mary's, who made me hoist my boat out and send my pass on board him, who after a deal of examination and strict scrutiny into the reality of my pass, suffered me to go on. At 12 o'clock at night, not being then ten leagues from Cadiz, was brought to by two more, who served as before, and the next morning I was joyfully anchored here where I am told they have extended themselves to the westward of the Western Islands in search for American and Portuguese vessels. At present there is a truce subsisting between them and Spain but it is conjectured it will not terminate in a permanent peace.”

The shippers of all nations must have suffered extreme annoyance from these outlaws of the Barbary coast. To the lack of concerted action and to the desire of commercial supremacy on the part of European powers over each other, the piratical pest was permitted to thrive in ill-gotten goods and to practically tyrannize those who performed not his every wish.

“There is one object which all the American Ambassadors in Europe have been instructed to pursue with all public ardor and that is, to propose and



bring to a happy conclusion, a treaty of confederation of all the maritime powers against Algerine, Tunisian, and other piratical states that infest the Mediterranean and interrupt the commerce of Europe and America. Two plans have been proposed on this head—one that each contracting party shall agree to equip, and in turn keep stations in the Mediterranean for a naval squadron, sufficient for the protection of all ships carrying the flags of Christian powers; this squadron to be relieved every six weeks, and to be bound to protect not only the trade of the nation to which the squadron belongs, but also of every other nation that shall be a party to the treaty; the Spaniards to fit out the first squadron, to be relieved by another furnished at the joint expense of the Italian states; this to be relieved by the French, these again by the English; and so on by the Dutch, Danes, Swedes, Russians, and Americans. The other plan is, that the Order of Malta shall be invited to undertake the protection of all ships belonging to the contracting parties, sailing up the Levant or in the Mediterranean; and that the contracting parties shall each furnish a quota of money, to be paid annually into the treasury of the Order at Malta, to enable the Order to keep constantly at sea a force sufficient to secure the freedom of navigation, within the latitudes to be specified. In both plans a preliminary is, that the tributes or presents, paid to the Barbary States shall cease, and determine; and that the necessity of ships sailing through the Mediterranean, being furnished with passes shall no longer exist. The court of Spain, we are assured, has lent a favorable ear to the proposal, and has expressed its readiness to accede to a treaty, founded on either of two plans, whenever the other maritime powers will signify their approbation of the system. The court of Naples warmly espouses the proposition. France and England have not given an answer to the subject."

On account of commercial rivalries and other economic and political advantages, national jealousies and bitter hatreds, special immunities and privileges, the Barbary States were suffered to continue their outlawry against certain civilized governments with impunity. The Corsairs became more insolent in their arbitrary piratical confiscations of cargoes; and the shameful and overbearing exaction of tribute became yearly a more baneful obstruction to commerce. The game was so lucrative that new and more powerful combinations of robber states were being formed to terrorize the world.

Conditions of American seamen in European trade were now well nigh intolerable. The number of American prisoners in Algiers was one hundred and fifteen and there were ten men still remaining who were captured in 1785. The indignation of free Americans, the humiliation and reproach of Congress, the urgent entreaty of those in captivity brought action in the House of Representatives who resolved: "That a naval force adequate for the protection of commerce of the United States against the Algerine forces ought to be provided."

Construction was soon begun on six frigates and ten small vessels and at the same time negotiations were renewed with the Dey of Algiers. The palliative treatment of our national ills was the payment of a tribute of about one million dollars. Treaties became popular for the other Barbary States claimed the attention of our government. Another million dollars was squandered, but the extortion and pillaging of American cargoes continued. Tripoli threatened President Adams with the seizure of American vessels unless similar tributes were paid to that nation. Tunis made a like demand of President Jefferson. The pesky and vicious trouble-mongers finally exhausted the patience of the American government, who resorted to reprisals by sending Commodore Dale and Captain Bainbridge to subdue these turbulent marauders and to teach them a valuable lesson. This is "the first example among Christian nations," says Shouler, "of making reprisal instead of ransom the rule of security" against piratical attack.

It was on the occasion of the blockade of Tripoli that Lieutenant Stephen Decatur won renown when he set fire to the hulk of the *Philadelphia* at anchor within half a gun-shot of the Basha's fortified castle. For this daring act of bravery young Decatur was promoted to a captaincy.

In June, 1805, naval operations ceased, peace was declared, prisoners were exchanged, but strange to say, it required sixty thousand dollars to close the agreement. The Mediterranean war had this effect on the whole of Europe, that it aroused the slumbering consciences of all nations, who from this time on saw clearly their duties, and refused to condone or to attempt to legalize the crimes of these robbers on land and sea.

The last frenzied clutches of the insulting and dreaded Barbary Corsairs were not relaxed until 1815, when Decatur was again sent to Algiers. A few days after passing Gibraltar, he captured the largest ship of the enemy, and when he appeared off the Algerine coast the Dey, full of terror, surrendered unconditionally. All prisoners were liberated, pecuniary indemnities were demanded and paid, future claims to tribute were renounced forever, and the enslavement of American citizens was prohibited under pain of further reprisals. Tunis and Tripoli were also compelled to pay an indemnity for aiding the British under the guns of the Barbary coast to capture certain American vessels. The death knell of piracy was sounded by Lord Exmouth, an Englishman, in 1816, when he bombarded the city

of Algiers and entirely destroyed the navy. Thus the menace to European commerce and Christian civilization was removed from the world forever.

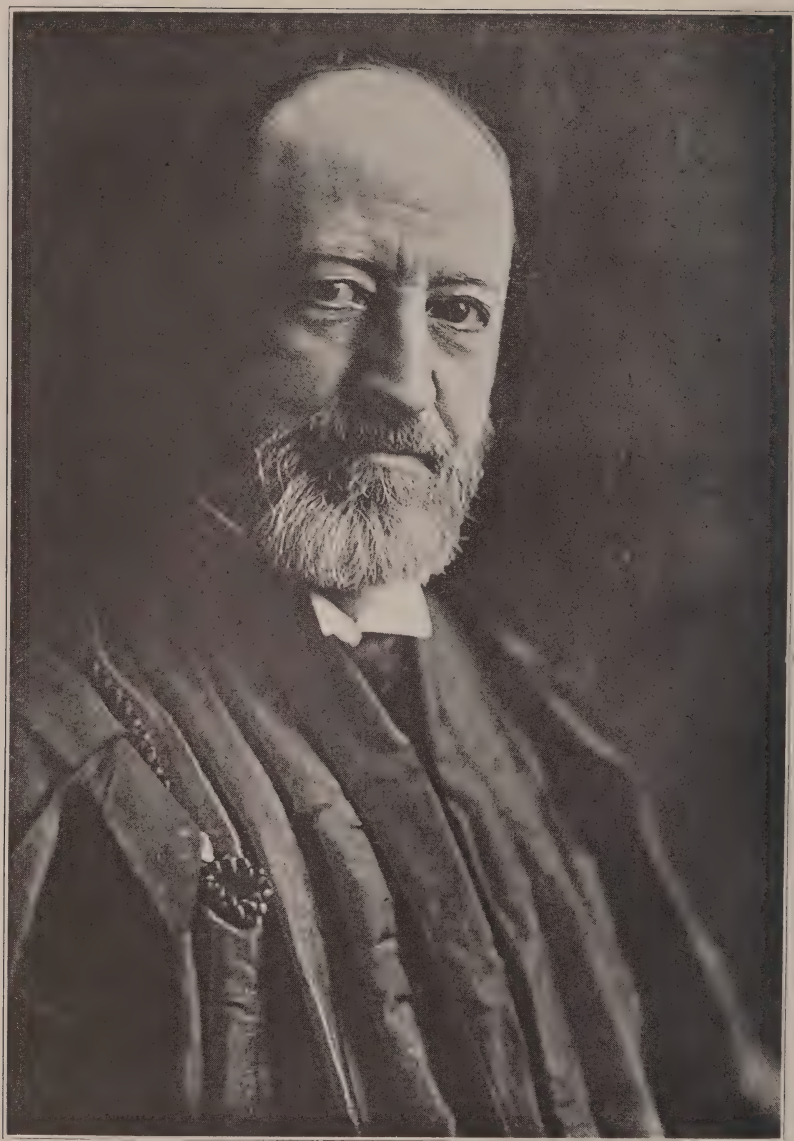
*Note.*—The documents in this article are taken from letters and other authoritative information appearing in the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and their vicinities between the years 1784-1789. See fuller note as to origin in the January issue of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, Vol. VIII, No. 3.

*St. Edwards University  
Austin, Texas.*

PAUL J. FOIK, C. S. C., Ph. D.







TIMOTHY D. HURLEY, humanitarian, philanthropist and jurist, father of the Juvenile Court and advocate of clean recreation and elevating environment for the young.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

**The Kaskaskia Commons.**—In *Carlyle v. Bartels*, 315 Ill., at page 373, the Supreme Court of Illinois said:

“In 1700 the Mission of the Immaculate Conception was established near the mouth of the Kaskaskia River, and thereafter the commons, of which the lots in question (in the case before the court) are a part, was granted by the French government, which then held possession of the Mississippi Valley, to the Parish of the Immaculate Conception of Kaskaskia. Kaskaskia and the country thereabout passed in succession under the dominion of Great Britain, the Commonwealth of Virginia and the United States of America. Prior to the admission of Illinois into the Union as a State, the Congress of the United States had confirmed the title to Kaskaskia Commons granted by the French government one hundred years earlier. The first constitution of Illinois recognized the existence of this Commons and forbade its sale or lease. The constitution of 1848 again recognized and protected the grant of this Commons to the inhabitants of the Parish of the Immaculate Conception of Kaskaskia, and provided for its subdivision and sale or lease, under control of the State, on the petition of a majority of the voters interested in the Commons. The State of Illinois never has held title to the lands in fee nor has it ever held the Commons in trust. The legal title was originally granted to and later confirmed in the inhabitants of the Parish of the Immaculate Conception of Kaskaskia, for the use and benefit of the inhabitants. The State merely supervised the administration of the trust. The entity which held the legal title did not have power to alienate it, but this court has held that it was competent for the State to authorize an alienation and provide the agencies by which it might be effected. (*Stead v. President and Trustees of the Commons of Kaskaskia*, 243 Ill. 239; *Land Commissioners of Commons of Kaskaskia v. President and Trustees of Same*, 249 Ill. 578).”

This decision is reaffirmed in *People v. Mitchell*, 317 Ill. 439, 440.

**Timothy D. Hurley.**—We can think of no theme better fitted for editorial comment than a reference to the life and death of a devoted friend of human progress and betterment, unfolded before our own eyes.

“I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith.”

The portion of the text of Father Dinneen's funeral oration above quoted was peculiarly well adapted to the distinguished humanist, whose remains were carried to their last resting place, Calvary, Tuesday, October 5.

The thousands who knew and loved Judge Hurley in his life time were profoundly shocked when the announcement of his death came Saturday morning. Few knew that he was ailing, and many of his acquaintances had met him but a few days before. Although the last illness was brief, he had suffered several periods of illness in recent years.

Few men of our day deserve such encomium as Timothy D. Hurley. Contrary to the ordinary view, Judge Hurley did not become notable, that is worthy of esteem, when he was chosen as a judge, high honor though that is. He was worthy of the greatest appreciation when as a lowly, unknown citizen he struggled, yes that is the word—for the betterment of mankind and especially of the youth.

How much of sacrifice and privation is incident, and, to men of small means, inseparable from work of the character pursued all his life by Judge Hurley may



be realized only by those who attempt it. It is easy for people of independent means to do social work, but let a person with his own way to make and, as is usually the case, a dependent family, attempt activities of a social, charitable or benevolent nature and he is overburdened. Nor does such a one elicit sympathy. Most people, their families perhaps more than others, condemn them for engaging in such work. But who will do it? The thrifty or the rich? Never. Yet what would the world be without the benevolent, the humanitarian?

In this category fall all the clergy, the religious, male and female, and all the noble men and women, who like Judge Hurley spend themselves in promoting the betterment, soul and body, of their race.

If distinction and independent recompense are valuable rewards, never were they more fitting or better merited than in Judge Hurley's case. A quarter of a century and more of unremitting toil and sacrifice for others, wholly unrequited, surely deserves a reward. All too many of such workers must be content to depend upon the eternal reward, which, it is easy to believe, will be certain and adequate, and if Judge Hurley in addition received a desirable temporal reward, if even for a short time it is a cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving. We are sure that Judge Hurley regarded his elevation to the bench as a reward for his earnest and sacrificing life. We know, too, that his thousands of friends rejoiced and gave thanks for the honors and emoluments bestowed upon him, and, human-like they grieve that he was not longer spared to enjoy them. We may be consoled by the belief that he has only passed from the temporal to an eternal reward.

The press is uniform in praise of his life and labors. A death notice reads:

Chicago has been the home of Judge Hurley since 1882. Five years after he came here he was graduated from the Northwestern University School of Law and since then has been actively engaged in the practice of law or on the bench. He was deeply interested in the conditions surrounding young people. He was the author in 1891 of the first bill permitting the establishment of the Juvenile Court and later became the first probation officer of the court.

He helped to obtain amendments to the industrial school law of 1901, the 1901 law governing the St. Charles School for Boys, the law of 1903 relating to the Chicago Home for Girls, the 1905 law relating to the visitation of children placed in family homes, and the 1907 amendment to the Juvenile Court law.

After his inauguration as a Superior Court Judge in 1921 Judge Hurley began an energetic campaign against divorce evils. He refused to grant divorces to wives who waived alimony when their husbands failed to contest suits. Declaring that "divorces in Chicago were easier to get than meals," he issued writs against "domestic parasites," or home wreckers.

Several times he appeared before the state legislature in the interest of reforms touching the divorce problem in the state. In 1923 he recommended that the Illinois Statute preventing the remarriage of divorced persons within one year after the decree was granted be repealed because it had the effect of bringing about unlawful marriages, thus illegitimizing children.

A heart attack was the cause of death. Judge Hurley had been under treatment during the summer at the Mayo Brothers' Hospital in Rochester, Minn., and only three weeks ago returned to his home, apparently restored to health. Friday night he felt ill, but rallied and seemed to have recovered when he succumbed to a second attack. He was 63 years old.

The funeral was held from his home, 2759 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Tuesday morning at 10:30 o'clock at St. Mary's Catholic Church in Evanston. The Rev-

erend T. J. Murphy, F. G. Dinneen and H. P. Smyth celebrated a solemn requiem High Mass. Burial was in Calvary Cemetery.

The following were named as active pallbearers: Patrick J. Carr, Martin J. O'Brien, Anton J. Cermak, Robert M. Sweitzer, Otto Baer, John F. Tyrrell. The following judges were chosen honorary pallbearers: William J. Lindsey, John R. Caverly, Hugo Pam, Thomas J. Lynch, Denis E. Sullivan, Philip L. Sullivan, George Kersten, Walter P. Steffen, Marcus A. Kavanagh, John P. McGoorty, Harry M. Fisher, Joseph B. David, John M. O'Connor, Alfred E. Barnes, David F. Matchett, Charles M. Thomson, Thomas Taylor, Jr., Ira Ryner, Hosea W. Wells, Henry Horner, Charles A. Williams, Charles M. Foell, Joseph H. Fitch, Martin M. Gridley, Frank Johnston, Jr., Frances E. Wilson, Hugo M. Friend, Jesse Holdom, Joseph Sabath, Harry E. Lewis, George Fred Rush, Wells M. Cook, Worth E. Caylor, Harry B. Miller, Edmund K. Jarecki, Oscar Hebel, William H. McSurely, David M. Brothers, William V. Brothers, Victor P. Arnold, Mary Bartelme, John J. Sullivan, Michael L. McKinley, Oscar M. Torrison, John M. Swanson, Emanuel Eller, Kickham Scanlon, Jacob H. Hopkins, William M. Gemmill, Samuel Alschuler, James H. Kilkerson, George A. Carpenter, Adam C. Cliffe, George T. Page. Other honorary pallbearers were: Mayor William E. Dever, Dr. Rudolph Stone, Dr. Alex Pope, John Touhy, Charles Graydon, Harry Kohl, Charles Boyd, James J. Scully, Charles Grover, Hugh McCullough, John B. King, Samuel E. Erickson, Robert E. Crowe, Oscar E. Carlstrom, A. A. Sprague, Milton J. Foreman, Clayton F. Smith, Arthur O'Brien, John H. Passmore, Thomas Wallace, George Orman, Edward J. Brundage, Michael Rosenberg, Timothy Crowe, Jas. M. Whalen, Edward J. Kelly, George E. Brennan, John Conroy, Joseph Fitzgerald, Michael Igoo, Joseph P. Savage, Emmett Whealan, George Hull Porter, Morris Eller, Lawrence F. King, August Miller, Charles V. Barrett, George Barrett, Dennis J. Egan, James Ronan, James Bremner, Thomas F. Leahy, Russell Whitman, John Reardon.

These observations and accounts are but a meagre outline of the life of Timothy D. Hurley. He is justly termed the "Father of the Juvenile Court," country-wide. He was unquestionably the leading Catholic layman in every kind of social and benevolent work and was especially active in the very important Big Brother work of the Archdiocesan Union of Chicago, and in all movements for clean motion pictures. In his time he belonged to the Knights of Columbus and all the important Catholic societies. He was an earnest and devoted American Irishman, a one hundred per cent American and an able and just judge.

Living men in his own and other spheres may emulate him with profit. The hero-worship of him by growing youth is justified, and a desire to follow in his footsteps is highly praiseworthy.

It may truthfully be said of Timothy D. Hurley that he made the world better by living in it, and this is the highest achievement attainable by a human being.

JOSEPH J. THOMPSON.

# CHICAGO, AND HOW IT GREW

## THE CHURCHES, 1833 AND NOW

From its very beginning, in the arrival of a ragged explorer in the black robes of the Society of Jesus, to the the week of the great International Religious Congress, the romantic story of Chicago would almost be covered in a history of Chicago churches. Of all the contrasts that make the larger story so fascinating none is more striking than those the church records show:

Pere Marquette, afire with zeal, bringing the cross and the Word to a wilderness incredibly remote . . . and Cardinal Bonzano, borne by special train to bestow the Pope's blessing upon a great city now only a few days from Rome.

Philo Carpenter, holding sabbath-school meetings in a log hut in a frontier army post . . . and chimes sending a call to worship into the loop from the 556-foot spire of a skyscraper cathedral.

The settlers along Massachusetts Bay were still bartering with Indians for homesteads when the first altar was raised in what is now Chicago. Jesuits established the Mission of the Guardian Angel in 1696, near the spot where Foster Avenue now crosses the drainage canal. But that wilderness mission survived only until 1699. One hundred and thirty-four years passed before the first permanent church was established here.

In the spring of 1833 Chicago was a miserable little trading post, sprawling beside a sluggish, muddy river. A tiny fort at the river's mouth, three frame stores, log cabins enough to outline one street—nothing more—distinguished the settlement from the surrounding prairie.

If Chicago had felt in need of religion it hadn't mentioned the want before, but 1833 brought a change. Indians in the back country were active that spring. They drove several families of settlers into Fort Dearborn for shelter and held there other families headed toward the plains. By May the settlement had a population of "nearly 300 persons," according to one contemporary account, and the community began to think of public worship.

Most of the "nearly 300" residents were Catholics, and from that majority went forth the first call for a priest. Jean Baptiste Beaubien, the trader at the American Fur Company's post, several other Frenchmen, a number of converted Indians and a scattering of Irish, Germans and Canadians united in April, 1833, in an appeal to Bishop



Rosatti at St. Louis for a church. The Bishop responded instantly. On May 1 there arrived at the little river-mouth town a young French priest, recently ordained, under orders to organize a church among the petitioners.

Fr. John Mary Irenaeus St. Cyr spoke little English and had had no previous charge, but he did not lack energy. With bearded trappers, blanketed Indians, half-breed children and a few women, most of them squaws, kneeling on the dirt floor before a simple altar Father St. Cyr celebrated Mass in a little cabin on the river bank on Sunday, May 5. Before the summer had ended he had built a chapel with plank benches for pews and a table for use either as pulpit or altar. It was called St. Mary's.

Father St. Cyr had not been in Chicago a fortnight when a troop ship with re-enforcements for Fort Dearborn landed the Rev. Jeremiah Porter at the mouth of the river. Dr. Porter was not sure that he ought to stay in Chicago. Two other frontier army posts were without chaplains and he had thought of going on to one of them. He must have felt the pull of those other posts when he first looked at the settlement about Fort Dearborn, for Chicago bore no signs of destiny then.

"A wide, wet prairie, as far as the eye could see," Dr. Porter wrote later, in describing his first impressions of Chicago. In the midst of it the almost imperceptible village, "on a muddy river winding south over the sand-bar to the lake, with a few scattered dwellings."

But officers and men of the detachment of troops he was traveling with were insistent that Dr. Porter remain. When townspeople added their appeals the chaplain consented. He deemed Chicago in sore need of religious instruction. There had been no Protestant preaching in the village except by Methodist circuit riders from a mission on the Fox River. The nearest church on the north was at Green Bay; to the west no preacher was to be found this side of Galena; east of Chicago the nearest mission was at White Pigeon, Mich.

On Sunday, May 19, a fortnight after Father St. Cyr's first Mass in Mark Beaubien's cabin, Dr. Porter and a little company of worshipers met in the carpenter shop at Fort Dearborn for simple devotional services. For the first sermon ever spoken by a Protestant in Chicago the chaplain chose John 15:8, as his text: "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

Six weeks later, on June 26, Dr. Porter and thirty others, eighteen of them from Fort Dearborn, organized the First Presbyterian Church

of Chicago. That winter they raised their first house of worship "out on the prairie," near where the Sherman House now stands.

Before winter, however, a Baptist Church had been organized and housed. The Rev. Allen B. Freeman got a flock together in August and soon afterward built a two-story school and church in South Water threet near Franklin. He and Dr. Porter preached alternately in the school-church that fall and winter.

Methodist and Episcopal churches were organized in 1834, Unitarian and Universalist in 1836, Jewish in 1845 and Lutheran in 1846. From those beginnings the churches have kept abreast of the swiftly marching city. Twelve hundred congregations, with an aggregate membership of 600,000, are affiliated with the Chicago Church Federation. Two hundred and thirty-nine city churches and 122 in the suburbs minister to the Catholic population of 1,250,000. There are 125 Jewish synagogues in the city. Sixteen hundred churches in all, where ninety-three years ago there was none.

GEORGE P. STONE.

## HISTORY IN THE PRESS

### ACQUISITION OF THE NORTHWEST TO BE OBSERVED IN 1928

France, Spain, England and Canada and the States which once formed the Northwest Territory will be asked to participate in a Sesqui-Centennial Exposition to be held near East St. Louis in the summer of 1928 to commemorate the acquisition of the territory by the United States.

The celebration will center about Cahokia, southwest of here, on the banks of the Mississippi River. Cahokia is the oldest settlement west of the Allegheny Mountains. A French mission was established there in 1699.

Programs are to be arranged to commemorate incidents and men connected with the history of the region. An historic park at Cahokia will be dedicated, and the famous Woodrider Massacre will be reenacted.

It is expected that one of the events will be the dedication of a memorial to George Rogers Clark, a Virginian, who acquired for his State the Northwest Territory in 1778 by obtaining a treaty with Indian nations at a "grand council" of Indians from the States that are now Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin. A monument will also be dedicated to Father Pierre Guibault, a French missionary stationed at Cahokia, through whose intervention Clark was able to effect peaceable relations with the Indians.

Historic buildings at Cahokia are to be restored to their original state. An effort is also being made to have buildings removed for one purpose or another returned to their original sites. The first courthouse west of the Alleghenies, at Cahokia, was removed to Chicago for the World's Fair and is still standing in Chicago.

### HONOR FOUNDER OF NEW ORLEANS

*(By Associated Press)*

New Orleans, May 17.—After 200 years New Orleans is proposing to honor Bienville, its founder, by naming a park for him.

For two centuries Bienville has had to worry along with only a street named in his honor, and that street not one of the leading thoroughfares. The Louisiana Historical Society is gaining support in its campaign to have City Park rechristened Bienville Park.

Bienville and his party of explorers founded New Orleans in 1718, Bienville holding out for locating the city on its present site.



## RESEARCH WORK RECALLS EARLY MISSIONARY WORK AND PERSECUTIONS

*(By Associated Press)*

Santa Fe, N. M., April 20.—Brothers of the Franciscan Order of the Roman Catholic Church in the southwest are preserving the traditions of their organization, which arose from the martyrdom of priests who spent centuries in the conversion of the Pueblo Indians from their pagan belief to Christianity.

Much research work is being done by scholars to bring to light the facts of the spiritual conquest of the Pueblos, which they believe to be one of the most colorful pages of the history of the Americans.

Father Theodocius Meyer, after considerable study in the archives of the mission at Santa Barbara, Calif., has compiled a list of fifty-one members of the Order who gave their lives in the period from 1542 to 1696. The result of this research contrasts the religious brothers with the proud conquistador, the one for the prize of mystical gold and gems, the other for the prize of human souls.

The history of the Christianization of the Indians showed that there were waves of persecution of the priests at intervals of forty or fifty years throughout nearly two centuries. They reached their climax in 1680, when the Pueblo Indians rose in rebellion against the tyranny of the Spanish rule, and killed nearly every white man in New Mexico. By a pre-arranged plot, thirty-one missionaries in a score of Pueblos, many of them 100 or more miles apart, were killed on one day.

Five of the religious brothers were killed in another massacre in a lesser uprising on June 4, 1696. The first of the priests to lose his life at the hands of the Pueblo Indians was Father Juan de Padilla, who was killed at Gran Quivera on November 20, 1542.

In the same year two other priests were killed, one at Tiguex and the other at Pecos.

The three padres had remained behind among the savages after the first of the conquistadores had despaired of finding the mythical wealth of the Indians, and had returned to Mexico. The Gran Quivera, where the first one died, was reputed at that time to be large Indian city where great wealth was to be found, and there was also some talk that there was the famed Fountain of Youth.

The Spaniards had heard such stories from the Indian guides, and when they found the village to be only a small settlement on top of a barren mesa, they turned back tired and discouraged. Even to this day, however, the mesa where the ancient pueblo stood is honeycombed

by holes of treasure seekers, who still have faith in the old legend of hidden wealth.

By odd coincidence, the three villages which were the scenes of the first martyrdoms were all abandoned in later years, while most of the other pueblos which existed at that time are still inhabited by the Indians.

During the century and a quarter that followed the first shedding of the blood of the missionaries, there were only ten deaths.

## MISSION RUINS RECALL EARLY DAYS IN WEST

*(By Associated Press)*

Los Angeles, April 14.—Ruins of twenty-one missions in California, fast crumbling back to the earth from which they were reared by Franciscan fathers more than a century ago, are monuments to the blight of governmental opposition encountered by the Catholic faith in its relations then with official Mexico.

They were built in the first crusade of the church to carry the scriptures into the wilderness of the new world. Almost unendurable hardships were overcome in the establishments of these bulwarks of Christianity by missionaries harassed by hostile Indian bands, fronted by vast stretches of frontier as yet unsafe for the white man and forced to meet sickness and physical hardships with little to buoy them except the great courage and leadership of Father Junipero Serra.

The task of these missionary pioneers had the wavering support of Old Spain and the slender financial backing of the Pious fund, contributed by church leaders in Mexico.

A century of courageous work followed the expedition that sailed for San Diego in 1769. Each of the missions rose to prosperity. Untold numbers of Indians were converted to the faith and taken within the protecting walls of the stately religious stockades.

But all this time the missions stood within the shadow of ultimate destruction. At frequent intervals there was rumbling in official Mexico and hints that the government would not stand by while its territory in this part of the continent was colonized by the Church.

As early as January, 1831, a decree of secularization was issued by the government at Mexico City. A change in governmental administration prevented this being made effective but in November, 1843, the act of secularization was adopted by Governor Figueroa.

The prosperity of the missions began to wither and their decline gathered momentum with the march of time. The priests and the

neophytes dropped away and one at a time the structures began to decay. Roofs fell in and drenching rains slowly washed the unprotected adobe walls back to the earth from which they came.

Many years after secularization, a few of the missions were returned to the padres, but not until after their wealth had been dissipated and their grandeur clouded in decay.

A movement started some years ago by various organizations has resulted in restoration to some degree of the old mission churches but funds have not been available to save the greater number or to restore the church settlements to their former picturesque state. El Camino Real, the King's Highway, along which are many missions, has been incorporated into the state highway system through most of its length and mission sign posts—bells surmounting metal standards—have been erected at intervals to mark the trek of the padres in their journey northward.

#### DAKOTA INDIANS LEAVE FARMS TO JOIN CARNIVALS (*By Associated Press*)

Pine Ridge Agency, S. D., May 7.—The circus and the carnival are on the road again, and officials of South Dakota Indian reservations are making their annual effort to keep their wards from flocking to join the performers under the big tent.

Every spring circuses and carnivals send scouts out here in quest of Indians for pageants and wild west shows, and for every man they seek, a dozen braves respond.

Federal and state officials frown on the recruiting of Indians for traveling shows, but often their pleas are ineffective. The Indian, migratory by nature, is easily beckoned from his little farm. His guardians have no objection to his departure to permanent employment elsewhere, but they have found that when he leaves in the spring to join a carnival, he comes home penniless and throws himself again on the beneficence of the reservations, seeking to reclaim his land.

#### SIOUX LEGEND OF CREATION TAUGHT BY INDIAN CHIEF (*By Associated Press*)

Rapid City, S. D., May 6.—An ancient Sioux legend of the creation is the most popular story in the repertoire of Chauncey Yellowrobe, son of a Rosebud Sioux chieftain and a teacher in the federal Indian school here.

"When the Great Spirit had created his wonderland here of mountains and prairies and streams and trees," Yellowrobe tells his stu-



dents, "he sought to fashion a human being worthy to enjoy its grandeur. He shaped the clay in his hands, and baked it in his campfire, but when he drew it forth it was pale and had not baked rapidly enough, and he threw it behind him.

"He molded another form, and laid it in the hot ashes, but when he drew it out it was blackened and crisp. So he tossed it to one side. Then he modeled a new figure, even more carefully than before, packed the red coals around it, and when he lifted it from the fire it was red and sound and perfect.

"And he put it into the great wilderness of the west, and it multiplied its kind and was the tenant of the Great Spirit's own garden."

## THEOCRACY ONCE TRIED IN ILLINOIS

(*By Associated Press*)

Bishop Hill, Ill., May 8.—Rearing itself in stark, simple lines, a marble shaft erected here in 1896 is practically the only reminder of a valiant attempt of a persecuted band of Swedish people to found a theocracy here eighty years ago.

This village which once represented the mecca of fifteen hundred emigrants has dwindled to slightly more than 250 people and a post-office and a small railroad station mark it on the map of Illinois.

The monument was placed at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Bishop Hill colony in 1896, which was attended by more than two thousand people—descendants of Eric Janson, founder, and other leaders of the sect.

The inscription reads:

1846

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE HARDY PIONEERS  
WHO IN ORDER TO SECURE RELIGIOUS LIBERTY  
LEFT SWEDEN, THEIR NATIVE LAND, WITH ALL THE  
ENDEARMENTS OF HOME AND KINDRED, AND FOUNDED  
BISHOP HILL COLONY  
OF THE UNINHABITED PRAIRIES OF ILLINOIS.

*Erected by surviving members and descendants on  
the Fiftieth Anniversary, September Twenty-third,  
Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six.*

Eric Janson, the founder, rebelled against the formation of the Swedish Lutheran church. People soon began to flock to his meetings in Sweden and he became known to both civil and ecclesiastical authorities as a powerful religious leader. Inside of three years after begin-

ning his preaching more than a thousand people knew him as a prophet.

Denouncing prevailing religions and authors of religious books their devotional books and the hymn book of the church. His preaching broke homes and brought strife into many families. Persecution and imprisonment followed his triumphant rise to power and the fled from place to place, often disguised in the garb of a woman. He claimed himself a "God-sent prophet," the "restorer of the true doctrine," and the "Vicar of Christ on earth."

Persecution of the followers of Jansen finally forced them to seek a new land where they would be free to practice their religious views and fifteen hundred of them migrated to Illinois in nine different parties. Janson preceeded them and established a home three miles south of this village which was founded later.

When the first boatload arrived the prophet went to New York to meet them and led them to Chicago, where they were described by a writer as "erect and firm people, looking always hopseful and contented, though very serious."

From there they set out on foot for their future homes here. Some horses and wagons were used to transport the women and children. Here despite the ravages of disease and the elements, the colony thrived and grew, receiving additions from the homeland from time to time.

Eric Janson was not only the spiritual ruler but the temporal as well. He appeared not to have been the shrewdest of business men for the financial affairs of the colony at times occasioned much hardships.

Janson was finally shot by a former follower. His band became split up into several factions. Many joined the Methodists, others allied themselves with the Second Adventists, others became Shakers, and some followed Swedenberg's teachings. His band in the words of a historian "became a flock without a shepherd, Jansonism was a house upon which the rain fell and the winds blew; and the house fell, for it was not founded upon a rock."

## LINCOLN WAS SURVEYOR OF PETERSBURG

*(By Associated Press)*

Petersburg, Ill., April 24.—Two men seated on nail keps playing a popular old card game, "Old Sledge" or "Seven Up," gave this village its name nearly a century ago.

As one of the scenes of many incidents in the lives of Abraham Lincoln, Peter Cartwright, famous circuit riding preacher, and other men who later gained prominence, the historic city of Petersburg is rich and varied. It is also the burial place of Ann Rutledge, boyhood sweetheart of Abraham Lincoln.

In 1832 Peter Lukins and George Warburton, pioneers, who owned jointly the entire site of the village, became engaged in a dispute as to what name they should give the settlement. Both wished to have their names go down in history. Lukins wanted to call it "Petersburgh," while Warburton argued that "Georgetown" was more suitable.

They agreed to play a game of "Old Sledge" to settle the dispute. Lukins won the game and arising from his nail keg he called out "Petersburgh."

The two men laid out the town and again sat down to wait for the town to grow. Seeing that their settlement wouldn't grow, they became discouraged and sold it to Hezekiah King and John Taylor, two enterprising settlers.

The new owners employed Abraham Lincoln, who was then deputy surveyor of Sangamon County, to re-survey the site. They laid out the town again, and it continued to grow from that time.

The first court house in Petersburg was the scene of many appearances by Lincoln when he was a lawyer. Douglas, Yates and Harris were among the men who pleaded their cases there. The building was supplanted by another one late in the nineteenth century.

Many revival meetings were held by Peter Cartwright in Petersburg. His camp meeting attracted hundreds of people from the village and surrounding country side. He was buried at Pleasant Plains, a few miles from here.

Among the incidents told of the pioneer preacher, one concerns the time when he was threatened with a whipping by two brothers, who accused him of giving their sisters the "jerks" by means of his fiery sermons. One of the accepted spiritual manifestations of that day was a convulsive jerking movement of the head. Two fashionable young ladies were listening to a sermon by Cartwright and suddenly began "jerking."

Cartwright was warned after the meeting that the two brothers awaited him outside with horsewhips. It was said he went boldly out and began to question the two men, who admitted their intentions of whipping him.



"You gave our sisters the jerks out of the vial in your pocket," they said.

Cartwright taking advantage of their credulity whipped out a small vial of peppermint and threatened them, causing them to flee in terror.

A short distance from the village is the cemetery in which Ann Rutledge was buried. A granite stone inscribed with a verse written by the Illinois poet, Edgar Lee Masters, marks the grave.

### ASKS LINCOLN MEMORIAL ROAD

*(By Associated Press)*

Washington, April 23.—Expenditure of two million dollars for a 39-mile Lincoln memorial road in Illinois was asked today in a bill introduced by Representative Rathbone. It would begin at Springfield and would run to Beardstown, passing through Petersburg and Oakford, places intimately connected with Lincoln's life. Sponsors of the road plan markers and other memorial features along its route.

### PETERSBURG WAS ONCE COMMUNITY OF CIRCUS PEOPLE

*(By Associated Press)*

Petersburg, Ill., May 1.—A sagging wooden building sheltering what was once a circus ring is all that remains to remind visitors here that Petersburg was once a city of circus people.

What is left of the building is used for storage while the performers, riders and clowns that lived here in winter are either dead or scattered over the earth following their profession. Many of the most noted and highest paid bareback riders claimed Petersburg as their home. Lady equestrians, trapeze performers, ring masters and equilibrists came home here one by one during the fall when the "big top" of a number of circuses floated to the ground for the last time of the season.

Here they lived in unpretentious homes with their families, sending their children to the public schools and working up acts for the coming season. Some of them accepted contracts for appearances on vaudeville circuits. For those that stayed here an indoor circus was organized.

Edward Shipp, a famous equestrian director and known to circus people as the "Ring Master," acquired a plot of land near his home on which he erected a wooden "tent." It was similar in appearance

to a tent, being round and coming to a peak, the only difference being in its sturdy construction. Near it were stables for housing animals.

Petersburg people enjoyed many evenings of entertainment in Shipp's indoor circus. When his program was arranged and the acts complete, Shipp took his circus to neighboring towns like Springfield and Bloomington where he presented his performances in coliseums and other heated buildings. It has been nearly ten years since the walls of the old building have heard the crack of the ringmaster's whip, and practically all of the circus people are gone.

Among the performers who made their homes here were Mr. Shipp and his wife, herself reputed to be one of the best equestrians of the world; his step-brother, Harry Lambkin, another famous rider; Clorinda Lowanda, Lambkin's wife and daughter of a Spanish rider, and Clarence Lambkin, another circus man. "The Kelly Brothers," Tom, Wood and Dave, also made their homes here when they weren't doing their "broken ladder" act. Silvers, probably one of the best known clowns in the profession a score of years ago, lived here until about ten years ago.

*Compiled by Teresa L. Maher*

*Joliet, Ill.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,  
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF  
AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, published quarterly at Chicago,  
Illinois, for April 1, 1926.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—SS.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared, Francis J. Rooney, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Illinois Catholic Historical Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Illinois Catholic Historical Society, Chicago, Ill.

Editor, Joseph J. Thompson, Chicago, Ill.

Managing Editor, Joseph J. Thompson, Chicago, Ill.

Business Manager, Francis J. Rooney, Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is: The Illinois Catholic Historical Society, Chicago, Ill., Rev. Frederic Siedenburgh, S. J., Pres., Chicago, Ill., J. P. V. Murphy, Treas., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None. Corporation not for profit.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRANCIS J. ROONEY, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1926.

ANNA ZIMMERMAN, Notary Public.  
(My commission expires January, 1927.)



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